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Peace or War

Before the week-end of July 1, European correspondents almost unanimously predicted an immediate coup by Hitler. By Monday, July 3, this had not taken place but the situation was still about as critical as possible. It seemed clear that what Hitler planned would not be a seizure of Danzig by force, but a "spontaneous uprising" by the admittedly German population of that city in favor of joining the Fatherland. England and France would probably agree to such action if Poland did not resist, but Poland is another story. The Poles insist they will fight if the status of Danzig is changed either externally or from within. Mr. Chamberlain has said England will support Poland in case of any threat to her security, Poland to be the judge of such a threat. Peace or war for Europe would therefore seem to rest on the decision in two capitals: Berlin and Warsaw. Berlin's decision may be pushed toward peace by the favorable turn in the negotiations between Great Britain and the Soviet Union, which suggests that the British are prepared to accept Moscow's terms, and by Britain's greatly increased military strength and apparently stiffened resolution. As to how the forces on one side and the other add up, one man's guess is as good as another's.

We Can Sell War Planes

The House of Representatives has adopted a revision of the Neutrality Law which retains the arms embargo. President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull seem to feel this was a disaster, and reports from Europe say that Hitler and Mussolini are correspondingly elated. Neither set of emotions seems to us justified. The bill has yet to pass the Senate, and to run the gauntlet of the conference committee. Moreover, even the House embargo is substantially changed from the old law. It retains the ban on export only of actual guns and ammunition, but lifts it from "implements of war." This means that military airplanes could be sent to Great Britain and France in time of war. So could armored trucks, tanks, submarines if their guns were not yet mounted. It seems likely that even cannon and shells could be sent abroad in parts, to be assembled on arrival. The House bill, we submit, gives Mr. Roosevelt a great deal—so much in fact that it is high time he began to find out whether England and France with our aid really do intend to fight for democratic aims, and if so, just exactly which ones.

The Czechs Won't Play Dead

Dr. Eduard Benes made a stirring speech at the Sokol celebration of 18,000 Czechs and Czech-Americans on Randall's Island, July 2. It gave Adolf Hitler something more to worry about, too, for it was addressed in part directly to Czechs under German rule and was broadcast by shortwave to Europe. Dr. Benes took one more step in the organization of resistance to the Nazis by predicting that Europe was heading into another grave crisis, and calling on his people to be prepared for the moment when they will rebuild the republic of Masaryk. Just a few days before this

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speech the Germans strengthened Dr. Benes' hand more than any speech of his could do when a Berlin decree empowered the German-appointed protector of Bohemia and Moravia to make laws at his own discretion, thus stripping the last pretense of power from the supposedly autonomous Czech government and again insulting Czech pride.

There is plenty of evidence to support the view of most Americans, that the Czechs are listening to Dr. Benes and fighting the Nazis below the surface. The Nazis are using provocateurs to spot anti-Nazi Czechs, but in at least one case the Czechs have spotted the provocateur. He dropped into a tavern, as was his custom, and began to discuss the vileness of the Nazis. When he reached a high point in his remarks the Czechs fell upon him, crying loudly that he was insulting their dear Führer, and severely beat him.

Lebensraum

Germany is basing her international policy at present largely on the claim that she is overcrowded with population and needs *Lebensraum*—room to live. At the same time, her government does everything possible to increase the birth rate, a paradox no Fascist dictatorship would stoop to explain. In view of Germany's demands, it is interesting to see what is really the population of some of the great powers, per square mile of arable land. (The figures are taken from the K-H News Letter.)

Japan proper	2,418
The Netherlands	2,233
Belgium	1,793
Great Britain	596
Germany	578
Italy	477
France	294
United States	100

It would seem to be true that if Germany has a claim for expansion, the Netherlands and Belgium have claims at least three or four times as good.

The Mongolian War

Both sides agree that there has been heavy fighting near Lake Bor on the border between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, at intervals since May 11. The Japanese say that Mongolian and Russian troops attacked them, but the Japanese fliers have brought down an enormous number of enemy planes. The Soviet news agency, Tass, reports that the Japanese did the attacking and lost more heavily than did the Mongolian forces. Japanese reports have in the past proved highly inaccurate, and both sides have reason to exaggerate.

Our readers may recall an article by Leonard Ludwin, published in The New Republic for March 23, 1938, in which he discussed the strategic value of Outer Mongolia to the Japanese. From it the Trans- would be vulnerable to attack near Lake Baikal. The Japanese would outflank China and cut off her best lines of communication with the Soviet Union, extending Japanese influence deep into Asia. Mr. Ludwin thought this the logical starting point for a Japanese attack on Russia, but he said that the Outer Mongolian army of 200,000 men, trained by Russia, was well equipped and organized. "The Japanese may get the shock of their lives," he wrote, "when they come up against Outer Mongolia's military forces."

Money for Portugal

On June 27 the American people learned that our government had loaned $5,000,000 to Portugal. The money will be used to buy railroad equipment in the United States. Five million dollars is not much money as things go nowadays, but this will seem to many people a strange transaction in view of our painful experience with uncollectible European debts. Portugal is not one of "the democracies." She is a dictatorship which during the Spanish war was strongly pro-Franco. Her budget is not balanced; her gold reserve is only about $50,000,000; although she gets 11 percent of her imports from us, she sends us only 7 percent of her exports. On the face of the facts, she seems a bad credit risk. The reason we are throwing away $5,000,000 on Portugal is frankly explained in Washington dispatches. Great Britain is trying to hold her in line during the expected general European war. Mr. Roosevelt is trying to back up Great Britain. A spinal column for Mr. Chamberlain would be cheap at $5,000,000, but one wonders whether the operation will be successful. Portugal was neutral for two years of the Great War; she is strongly pro-Fascist now. In the fierce game of European power politics that President Roosevelt is playing, it is doubtful whether he has this time bought a blue chip.

What the NLRB Has Saved

Those who charge that the National Labor Relations Board has failed to reduce the frequency of strikes have never given supporting figures. Some critics, again without statistical evidence, have maintained that the Board costs the public more than it saves. Morris Weisz of the NLRB division of Economic Research has at last made statistics available by comparing the decrease in the number of strikes in industries over which the Board has taken jurisdiction with the trend in other industries. Although such a comparison is not absolutely conclusive, the compilation shows that in industries where the Board had jurisdiction the number of strikes in 1938 decreased 48 percent from the 1937 figure, though they had decreased only 29 percent in all other industries. Through the Board's efforts, industries which had 1,449,720 workers involved in strikes in 1937 had but 490,557 involved last year—a decline of 66 percent.

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71 percent less. Calculating the economy represented by averting strikes, the Board has saved a minimum of about $33,000,000, while its expenses were only $2,700,000. In other words, the Board last year saved for the workers, employers and general public approximately twelve times as much as it cost. These facts disprove charges like those of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association that the enactment of the NLRA was followed by an unparalleled "period of agitation, unrest and turmoil" quite undiminished by the Board's activities.

Whose Taxes Should Be Reduced?

The House of Representatives, in its drive to appease business, voted to repeal what little remained of the tax on undistributed profits, and to allow corporations to carry over their net operating losses for a period of two years. To make up these reductions in revenue, it readjusted the corporation income tax to a straight 18 percent on companies making over $25,000, with lower rates for the less profitable. Now that the bill has become law, we hope that business will show its gratitude by deciding that now it has confidence—but we doubt that it will. At the same time, Congress voted to continue the nuisance taxes for a period of two years. These are the taxes that bear heavily on the consumer and thus impede the sales out of which profits are made. We can't help wishing that our noble representatives had appeased the buying public instead of those corporations making such big profits that they have money to salt away. We note a study by the National Consumers' Tax Commission, revealing that in 1938 the taxes that are indirect and so get added to what you and we pay for rent, food, clothing, gasoline, cigarettes, etc., amounted to 56 percent of the tax revenue of the country—federal, state and local. They were 43 percent of federal revenue, 77 percent of state and 53 percent of local. It isn't the graduated taxes on income and profits that burden recovery half so much as the taxes that are passed on to everybody, whether he can afford to pay or not.

Important Quirk in Hague Decision

It will be remembered that the Supreme Court's decision against Mayor Hague in the Jersey City civil-liberties case was supported by two separate opinions—one by Mr. Justice Roberts, concurred in by Mr. Justice Black, and one by Mr. Justice Stone, concurred in by Mr. Justice Reed. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes agreed with parts of both opinions. An editorial in The St. Louis Star-Times offers an interesting interpretation of this difference. The Roberts opinion rests on the clause of the Fourteenth Amendment declaring that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." The Stone opinion, however, refers to the any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." The ordinary explanation of the difference is that the due-process clause is the broader, protecting "any person," whether alien or not, while the protection guaranteed in the other clause applies only to "citizens of the United States." The editorial in question points out that the due-process clause has been used largely to safeguard corporations against regulation, corporations being regarded by the courts as "persons." In a previous opinion Mr. Justice Black objected to this practice. It is therefore suggested that he, at least, has in mind narrowing rather than broadening the protection offered under the due-process clause, and for that reason prefers to deal with civil liberties under the "citizens" clause. A corporation is not and cannot be a citizen of the United States. Perhaps an important new split of opinion is developing within the Court on this issue.

Lies About the Prado

All through the Spanish war, propagandists for Franco kept spreading the story that the Loyalists were destroying, or stealing and selling abroad, the art treasures in the territory they held. Particular reference was made to the magnificent Prado Museum in Madrid. But now General Franco's newspaper, the Heraldo de Aragon, in its issue of May 4, 1939, admits that not one work of art is missing from the Prado.

Skirmish in Oregon

Unnoticed by the press, which usually extends itself to show the New Deal on the run, was a recent episode in Oregon, where the New Deal won a skirmish. A few months ago reactionary Democrats, most of them enthusiastic over the potential candidacy of Vice President Garner, persuaded the Oregon legislature to pass a law abolishing the state's preferential primary for presidential elections. The law did away with a statewide vote on the delegates to the national political conventions; the delegates would be elected by party caucus under the new system. The conservatives in the Democratic Party felt that Garner had a better chance with the politicians than with the people.

Liberals in the state immediately invoked the referendum against the law. The State Grange, the AFL and the Oregon Commonwealth Federation all circulated petitions against the proposal, which also would have done away with the right of independent candidates to enter the general election. Every effort was made to prevent the referendum from succeeding. The Oregon Journal, mouthpiece of the Tory Democrats, devoted whole pages at a time to denouncing it. Approximately 15,000 names were needed on the petitions; last week 26,000 signatures already had been obtained. This means the law cannot take effect in 1940 and Oregon's voters, rather than its political overlords,

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tions. Several candidates for delegate already have appeared; they are for Roosevelt for a third term.

Peace in the Coalfields

For the past six years the Illinois coalfields have been racked by bitter warfare between the United Mine Workers (CIO) and the Progressive Mine Workers (AFL). Recently, however, the two rival unions jointly petitioned Governor Horner to pardon five young men imprisoned in 1933 on murder charges growing out of the split in the miners' ranks. Both unions are also supporting the DuQuoin Miners' Defense Committee, formed to coördinate the work of various organizations seeking clemency for the five. "Continued incarceration of these men stands as a living symbol of bitterness and civil war in the coal fields," the two unions said in their statement to the Governor, adding that "their freedom will remove a major psychological obstacle to industrial peace in Illinois." Some day the ranks of the Illinois miners must be reunited. Although organic unity is improbable until the CIO and AFL again join hands, and is certainly unlikely unless the United Mine Workers of America grant the Illinois miners the right to elect their own officials and vote on important issues, this joint action is a big step forward. We can begin to hope for an end to bitterness, jurisdictional raids and the sort of strikebreaking that the Progressive Mine Workers carried on during the recent UMWA strike.

London Press and The Manchester Guardian

Suppose you were a New York business man with a large group of employees. Suppose you were dissatisfied with the quality of the New York newspapers, and suggested to your staff that you would bear half the cost if they would confine their reading to a paper published in Springfield, Massachusetts. It would be surprising, we submit, if 60 percent of them agreed to your suggestion, and permanently abandoned the journalism of the metropolis. Nevertheless, that is what recently happened in London when an employer offered to help his staff to subscribe to The Manchester Guardian. Sixty percent of them have deserted the London papers, although The Guardian is not available until fairly late in the forenoon. The incident is a tribute to the quality of the "MG," and also something of a commentary on the present character of the London press.

News Notes of a Week

In Europe they were saying that if the Germans were planning to start a war in a few weeks they would not be acting any differently. . . . Civil guards and troops were attempting to crush an uprising in the Asturias mining region of Spain. Dispatches said the miners—famous as "dinamiteros"—had ample munitions, and that women fed them secretly at night. . . . Australia stood with Britain "to the last man and shilling . . . even if it means war.". . . Six Spanish Fascist journalists toured Britain as guests of the British Council, the propaganda organization of which Sir Robert Vansittart is head. They will be received by the Archbishop of Westminster, and honored at luncheon by Viscount Halifax, the Foreign Secretary. They will then be expected to go back and urge Franco "not to let down" the British.

The Congress of the United States hoped it could adjourn soon and take a vacation from sweltering Washington, but the administration was expected to keep it at work on neutrality and money legislation. . . . Tuskegee Institute reported that in the first six months of this year there were four lynchings, two in Florida and one each in Georgia and Mississippi. . . . The American Youth Congress began its annual convention July 1 in New York City. . . . Jack Dempsey, very ill with peritonitis, received thousands of phone calls and messages from admirers and friends who still think of him as "The Champ." He was reported on July 3 to be out of danger.

Monetary Ghosts

SILVER AND DEVALUATION are like ghosts of old actors stalking the boards of forgotten political melodrama. Silver goes back at least to William J. Bryan, with his cross-of-gold speech and his program of "free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen-to-one." Devaluation is a more recent member of the same family. Both live in the realm of strong emotions—emotions that people attach to symbols which they do not understand. The less the understanding, the stronger the emotion.

When the free-silver issue first arose, we were suffering from price deflation and panic. The United States was on the gold standard, and Wall Street controlled credit. The silver movement arose in the West, as a protest against the low crop prices, the scarcity of money which presumably had caused them, and the bankers' control which it was supposed had caused both. The logic behind it was simple. If credit was limited and money was unobtainable because the gold reserves were insufficient, why not use silver also as a monetary base? Let the silver miners sell all the silver they could produce to the Treasury. This would increase the amount of currency and reserves, and would by-pass those who held a stranglehold on money and credit through their ownership of a limited supply of gold. Incidentally—though this was seldom advanced as an argument for the proposal—the silver producers in Western states would profit.

Bryan was defeated, and "sound money" triumphed, but subsequently our whole system of banking was re-

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under President Wilson; it contributed a large amount of elasticity to money and credit. Reserves were centralized and rendered more efficient. The issue of currency and loans was made dependent on volume of business as well as being tied somewhat loosely to a monetary reserve. Gold lost much of its importance in the system—outside of being an eventually limiting factor in the upward movement of monetary expansion. So effective was this reform that during the War and thereafter we were able to bring about an immense increase of money and credit without any hindrance on account of the size of the gold reserve. We did get into trouble in 1921, but this was not the old kind of financial panic, caused by an archaic banking system. It was a worldwide depression, consequent upon the collapse of a war economy.

The depression beginning in 1929 was likewise not due to scarcity of money or credit. It was not lack of enough gold that caused the bankers to cease lending money. The banking panic that arose during its course did not come until three years later. People withdrew their deposits and hoarded gold, because at the time they had so little confidence in the banks that they would not trust them with anything.

At the beginning of the Roosevelt administration everyone who entertained an idea as to what might be done had a hearing. The silver tradition was revived, and the silver members put through Congress a measure authorizing the Treasury to buy silver above the market price. This measure was irrelevant to the actual crisis, as was soon proved when gold was retrieved from hoarders and deposited in the Treasury. Ever since then, the banks have not had insufficient reserves of gold but rather a growing excess. Nevertheless the Treasury obeyed the law. It bought silver from China, which was on the silver standard, and thus created serious monetary difficulties there. Silver poured in to us from the secret hoards of India. Mexico profited, since Mexico is one of the chief silver-producing countries, and the government depends on taxes from silver mines for a large share of its revenue. American silver producers prospered. But the policy did not help to cure the depression by supplying more money and larger reserves for us. There was plenty of money anyway; the real difficulty was to keep it circulating.

Power to revalue the dollar in terms of gold was given the President at the same time. There were three reasons for this—two bad and one good. First, there was a superstition among certain monetary theorists that if the grains of gold in the dollar were decreased, prices of commodities would rise. This curious idea depended on a literal interpretation of the gold standard. Currency, they thought, had a value only because it could be exchanged for precious metal. When anybody bought a bushel of grain or a ton of coal, he was really, they believed, thinking of its value in terms of gold. Therefore, gold, a bushel of wheat or a ton of coal would become worth more dollars. But of course money is not valued that way in the market places.

The second idea was a little more reasonable—more like the theory of the silver advocates. If the dollar were devalued, a gold reserve of a given size would permit the issuance of more dollars and more loans. Devaluation therefore would have an expansive effect. This possible result was in fact prevented, however, by two things. Devaluation was not actually decreed by the President until after the gold in the banks had been taken over by the Treasury and gold certificates had been exchanged for it at the old value of the dollar. Even if this had not been done, the increased efficiency of the reserves would have had no immediate effect because the volume of credit and currency was already much smaller than the existing reserves would have permitted, and has remained so.

The good reason had to do with foreign exchange. The relationship of the values of two currencies is expressed in terms of gold. Gold is shipped almost daily in payment of international balances—it really is used as an international currency. The moment the pound sterling becomes worth less in gold, it becomes worth fewer dollars. This is just what had happened; Britain had gone off the gold standard and all the currencies linked to the pound had gone with it. It thus became cheaper for the world to buy goods in Britain and the sterling block. Exports from this country were put at a competitive disadvantage. Furthermore, as long as the exchange values were fluctuating the whole of international trade was discouraged, because traders and manufacturers selling abroad did not know how much they would actually be paid in terms of their own currencies. The possibility of fluctuation offered a constant temptation to speculators to increase that fluctuation. Devaluation of the dollar corrected the disparity that had already arisen between the dollar and the pound. Possibility of further devaluation, if necessary, offered a check to competitive manipulation of currencies, whether by governments or speculators. In addition, the same legislation gave the President power to use a stabilization fund to buy or sell currencies in the exchange markets and so prevent fluctuations. In collaboration with the British and French, the United States has kept foreign exchange reasonably steady.

In the final days before the end of the fiscal year on June 30, 1939, Congress began seeing currency ghosts again and went berserk. The President had previously known the folly of the silver policy—which cost the Treasury money but did no good except for the act of spending—and had reduced somewhat the price of silver, though maintaining it still in this country far above the world market price. The silver Senators got angry and introduced a measure setting by law a yet higher price for silver and forbidding the Treasury to

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necessary legislation unless their blackmail succeeded. At the last minute, the doctrinaire descendants of their ancient sound-money enemies made a deal with them to support the silver steal in exchange for ending the President's power further to devalue the dollar. Conservative stupidity could hardly go further in cynical inconsistency. The House tried to remedy the blunder, but in the last hours of the fiscal year a filibuster by the Republican Senators prevented acceptance of the conference report and so left the country without the New Deal fiscal legislation, which automatically expired at midnight, June 30. So the President now has neither devaluation power nor stabilization fund, and the country is helpless to check any future irregularities in foreign exchange.

Old currency superstitions, of both the "soft-money" and "hard-money" schools, have combined to injure the economic security of the American people.

Congress Wrecks Relief

THE NEW LAW covering relief appropriations for the next fiscal year is a disgrace to everyone responsible for it. The total appropriation for work-relief projects, about $1,500,000,000, is not more than 60 percent of what is needed, on the most conservative estimate. It will turn back, during the next twelve months, about a million people to local relief agencies which are already short of money and cannot care for such a load.

All future employees of the Works Projects Administration (as we must now learn to call it) will work 130 hours a month for the standard relief wage. Nobody knows what this relief wage will be; at present it varies from $26 monthly in the South to $56 in the big Northern cities, but the new law says it must be uniform over the country except for variations because of the cost of living. In any case, it will tend to break down wage scales everywhere. Heretofore, skilled workers have received standard hourly rates, but have worked a smaller number of hours to keep the total payment low. Now, however, an electrician whose union rate is, say, $2 per hour, will receive on relief about 38 cents per hour. In the face of such a situation, the tendency to break down wages in private industry will be almost irresistible. The result is likely to be a sharp lessening of consumer purchasing power and a corresponding return of depression.

One of the cruelest provisions of a cruel piece of legislation is the clause which discharges, within the next sixty days, everyone on the WPA who has been there eighteen months. These unhappy people will be laid off for thirty days without pay, during which time they must prove they are entitled to get back on. Nobody can support a family on $50 a month and save face days of terror wondering whether they will be able to squeeze past the barriers of red tape and get back their jobs. One of the chief reasons for the WPA was to maintain the morale of self-respecting American workers; the new law does more to break it down than can be offset by years of employment.

Nothing in this bad law is any worse than what it does to the white-collar projects. The Federal Theatre, which has done so many fine things and brought pleasure to audiences numbering millions, is destroyed out of hand. Somebody went through the scripts of its plays, and managed to find numerous sentences which, torn from their context, are "subversive" (we could do the same with Shakespeare). Accordingly Congress, few of whose members have any real interest in drama or any other form of artistic production, killed the enterprise.

The other white-collar projects are also in great danger. They can be continued only if local sponsorship underwrites 25 percent of the cost. But local authorities are desperately hard up, and they share the ignorance and indifference of Congress toward all types of creative work. Moreover, some of the projects, like that for writers, are more national in scope than local. The work on historical records will presumably be continued, but the projects for the writers, musicians, sculptors and painters will be cut down greatly, if not entirely killed.

The chief consolation in the whole matter is that the conservatives probably overplayed their hand. Unless we are very lucky in regard to general business conditions, a few months hence large additional appropriations will become so necessary that even the economizers will not be able to withstand the pressure. By that time we may hope that some of the other bad features of the bill will have become sufficiently apparent to make modification possible. But to say this is not to excuse those who helped to write and pass this disgraceful law.

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America Revisited: I

I

IT IS NEARLY TEN YEARS since I last had the opportunity of spending any considerable period in the United States. Looking back on seven months there, I feel as though I had visited a country I had hardly previously known. The America, certainly, in which I lived belongs to an epoch it is no longer possible to revive. The new America I have seen is, in almost every sense, a better America. It is, I think, less confident of itself. It is less certain either of the pace or the direction of its destiny. It is more troubled—rightly more troubled—by the depth and intensity of the problems it confronts. But it is, also, a more mature America, a spiritually richer America, an America more conscious of the spots upon its sun, more anxious for their removal than at any previous time. There is something today in the mental climate of its civilization that gives one the sense of an exhilaration such as I have experienced nowhere in Europe in the post-war years save in the Soviet Union. One has the feeling that if the new American civilization that is struggling to be born is able successfully to achieve its birth, the new world so called into being will indeed go far to redress the balance of the old.

That feeling is the more remarkable for a number of reasons. It is the more remarkable because at no time since the Civil War have the problems of America been more critical in their proportions than now. All of them illustrate the classic issues of a capitalist society in contraction. The business men of America are, for the most part, as blind to the needs of their time as the French nobility before 1789. The leaders of the Republican Party still mutter the obsolete formulas of the Coolidge epoch as though the depression of 1929 was not a sufficient commentary upon that epoch. Park Avenue and its spiritual analogues show the same blindness that a privileged class has always displayed when the perspective of events has called for great changes. The press largely fails to reflect the hopes and fears of the new America that is stirring beneath the appearance of events.

The degree to which the institutional apparatus of America is outworn is still, I suspect, concealed from the public view. There is too little general discussion of what is ugly and mean on the social landscape—the economic condition of the South, the habits of Mayor Hague in Jersey City, the sabotage, conscious and deliberate, of the New Deal by Wall Street and the investing class whom it leads, the growth of anti-Semitism, tyrannies like that of capital in the Imperial Valley of California. The critics of the New Deal for their inspiration, or, like Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, act as though they believe that silence, if not the better part of valor, is at least the high road to a Republican nomination. Mr. Hoover still displays his curious resentment at the emergence of an America unfitted to the categories in which alone he seems able to think. Oddities like Dr. Townsend are still able to deflect the tired and the bewildered away from the central stream of social thought. Even the universities—which have the duty of seeing the problems of the new America from an eminence—have in these momentous years largely abdicated from their function. For they have been timid where the times called for boldness, and devoted their energies rather to description than to the postulation of those values which enables the choice to be firmly faced because it is courageously defined.

II

Yet the visitor has the sense that a new and great America may, at least contingently, be in the making; he cannot but feel that the hope there is real in a sense different from any of which a European is aware. It is not merely that the imminence of war is more distant. It is not merely, either, the absence of the nervous strain, the psychological fatigue, the immanent inertia one feels at once on returning to Europe. I am not arguing for a moment that America is certain to become the master of its fate. I am not even arguing that there is not a grave danger that the old prediction of Tocqueville and Orestes Brownson may not be fulfilled, and the conservative forces decide, with disastrous results, to fight the claims of the common man rather than cooperate in their satisfaction—I am arguing only that, to the outsider, to travel through America today is to be conscious that, in a significant way, humanity is on the march. There is a potential renaissance on the American horizon. There is the prospect, if it has its chance of fruition, that America may come to count spiritually in the twentieth century as it counted in the last generation of the eighteenth. It may become the inspiration of the oppressed and the disinherited all over the world. What people could ask for a nobler destiny? What objective could do more to call forth the creative energies of men and women?

III

This sense of a potential renaissance can be seen from various angles. In part, it is evident everywhere in the new and vivid interest in the political scene. Men talk politics and think politics in a way I have not previously

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accused Americans (not unfairly) of lacking a "sense of the State." He could not so accuse them today. The New Deal, whatever may be its defects, has made the man in the street recognize that the State is, for good or ill, a positive instrument by whose activities the contours of his life are set. Social-security legislation, public-utility legislation, the Securities and Exchange Act, the WPA, the AAA, the Wagner Act, the Wages-and-Hours Act—these and their like have made millions conscious of the significance of government in a new way. The importance of that consciousness is scarcely capable of exaggeration. It sets up new standards for the activity of government. It ends the epoch of laissez-faire. It makes millions feel that when economic disaster comes, it is as natural to look to government for helpful intervention as it is to expect it to deal with a tidal wave in Galveston, or a hurricane in New England. Whatever be the mistakes of the New Deal, it has lifted the political mind of America to a new and higher level. It has had an educational significance it will be difficult not to emulate in the coming years. It has demonstrated that the processes of government are not merely important but also interesting to those who live by their results.

And this interest in government is particularly apparent among the younger generation. My knowledge of its habits of thought is, of course, for the most part confined to university students, though to these from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But among them, there is certainly an attitude to politics qualitatively different from anything I have known—a world away from what it was when I lived in the United States. This comes out in many ways. There is an immense interest in the social sciences. There is a growing eagerness for the chance of a career in government service; it is particularly notable that where, a decade ago, the young law student dreamed of a place in a New York or Chicago office, today, the abler he is, the more intensely he dreams of a place in a government department at Washington. It is apparent in the significant congresses of youth, in the periodicals and programs they publish. And it is the more apparent because too few universities have done what they might have done to encourage this attitude. There still exist all too many inhibitions on activity in the political realm, inhibitions born of trustee timidity and fostered by presidential fear. The universities ought to be the seed-ground of political consciousness, as they were in that first remarkable half-century of American history, when the Virginian dynasty and New England transcendentalism crossed the spaces of the world. I miss my guess badly if, in the coming years, they are not going to be so again. It is exciting to see how Max Lerner and Frederick Schuman among the younger generation, Charles Beard and Mr. Justice Frankfurter among the older, arouse eager debate on every American campus where on them to penetrate the shuttered windows of the

And the interest, I suggest, is deeply connected with the rise of an American literature more stimulating and more important than at any time these fifty years. In the novel, Dos Passos and Steinbeck, in poetry, Archibald MacLeish; in criticism, Edmund Wilson; in politics, Max Lerner; these, to take names half at random, have a depth and penetration of unmistakable portent. In reportage, the American journalist leads the world. I know no country today where there is a more significant historian than Charles Beard. It is symptomatic that, at long last, the work of Thorstein Veblen is entering into its own. The wide repercussion of studies like those of the Lynds on Middletown; the slow emergence, but still the emergence, of an American Marxism, freshly critical and not naïvely orthodox, as in the work of Louis Hacker; the new interest, admirably shown in Pearson's monumental book, in Tocqueville; the impression made on the younger economists by the work of Oscar Lange and Keynes; all this means, I believe, that there is emerging in America a literature directed to the remaking, because to the revaluation, of the foundations of its life. I think, though I speak incompetently, that something kin to this is true also of American drama; at least to the visitor it seems to have a vigor and an energy absent from that of Europe at the moment. O'Neill, Odets, Sherwood, Behrman, Anderson—I do not know five contemporary names in England or France that can be set against these. And I would add, as a foreigner, that, to my own knowledge, the Writers' and Theatre Projects of the WPA have done more, in the years of the depression, to make the heritage of culture living and significant in America than has been the case in any other country save the Soviet Union. From this angle, there is no other government that has made a comparably imaginative use of its powers. I hope only that what has been done is a beginning and not an end.

I do not feel the same sense of exhilaration about the American universities; I venture to doubt whether they have risen to the height of their opportunities in these critical years. I know, of course, of much solid work that has been accomplished there. In particular, the accomplishment of the law schools, in comparison with those of Europe, seems to me outstanding. But one has certain uncomfortable feelings. Their emphasis is much too much on buildings and far too little on men. They still take far too much of their color from the habits of their presidents, who are still, despite exciting exceptions like Neilson of Smith, Dykstra of Wisconsin, Wells of Indiana, Hutchins of Chicago, Graham of North Carolina, far too much engaged in satisfying trustees wholly ignorant of the function of the university. Far too many teachers are content to be scholars in the worst academic sense; they will not allow the values of a world that thrusts its problems

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refuge in a false conception of science—the belief that factual description merely will, as its momentous proportions advance, somehow without commitment on their part become spontaneously a philosophy. There must be more people willing consciously to play the part that Felix Frankfurter, Morris Cohen, Charles Beard, Vernon Parrington, played in the last generation—to be the conscious exponents of a system of values. There are, of course, such men. Lerner and Schuman are doing that task excitingly at Williams, Fowler Harper at Indiana, George Counts and Merle Curti at Teachers' College, Winspear at Wisconsin, Radin and Dickinson at California Law School at Berkeley; I mention names only of men I happen to have seen in action. But, taken as a whole, is there the leadership in American universities that there could be if there were more security for the teacher, more democracy in academic planning, more contact between teacher and student, more discussion of central principles, less emphasis upon the textbook? I should like to see the course-examinations go altogether in the universities, and their administrators persuaded to believe two things: first, that the young instructor needs security and leisure at a far earlier period than he now receives them; and, second, that friendship between teacher and taught is the high road to learning.

IV

A state is known by the quality of its legislators; in the end principles are shaped by men. From this angle, the needs of the New Deal have not always been well served by the men upon whom it has had to rely. There have, of course, been remarkable figures in the last six years of American history. Mr. Roosevelt, on any showing, stands now among the first half-dozen Presidents. Mr. Ickes, Mayor LaGuardia, Senator Norris, Senator La Follette, Mr. Robert Jackson, give one an instant sense of that marriage between integrity and imagination that is essential to an epoch such as that in which we live. But neither the Congress, taken as a whole, nor the President's Cabinet, has been equal to the task by which it has been confronted. The local legislatures seem largely parochial in their approach to their problems; and there are too many gubernatorial figures whose election is inexplicable on any serious view of their function. America, I suspect, has not yet learned that the political career is as vital as any a commonwealth can offer; and its loyalty goes to the second-rate, who have not succeeded elsewhere, rather than to the men of ideas. Parties are still organizations living by the patronage they have to distribute rather than the doctrines they have to promote. Debate still fails, save in the rare instance, to make its national impact; the committee room rather than the floor is the place where the decision is made. The interstitial connection between legislator and pressure group is still disheart-eningly close. The impulse to creative action still seems to be communicated to a party from without, rather than from within, its ranks; from this angle, this is true even of the relation between the President and his own supporters. Their mind is less on the realities they (and he) confront, than on what may happen in 1940; and it is grim to see two years of a nation's life given to maneuver for position rather than to the tackling of real issues. I add that watching four state legislatures with some closeness convinced me both of the utter unreality of the present division of American parties and of the unfitness of the state as a unit of American government. Here, as I think, lie some of the gravest problems before the United States. Only an extraordinary President can effectively push the line forward when neither political party has a real program, or can face a real issue in a coherent way. Phenomena like Townsendism are the measure of this unreality. Not until a realignment is effected will there be a call, national and local, for the men who can implement its consequences. An epoch such as this ought to have made Congress as vital as it was in the age of Calhoun and Clay and Webster. Yet I doubt whether a future historian will see in anyone save Senators Norris and La Follette men of the stature the times require.

The administration, on the other hand, has, the Cabinet apart, brought a remarkable host of able men to Washington. I know the British Civil Service pretty thoroughly; I am measuring my words carefully when I say that there are half a hundred men in Washington who would compare with the best it produces in imagination, resourcefulness and integrity. It is notable that they are mostly young; it is also notable that they are mostly lawyers. They have been (as the Cabinet has never been) the effective foundation of the New Deal. They have brought to it qualities that make their work of outstanding significance. For they have demonstrated that if ever the United States can be persuaded to rationalize its civil service, the quality and effectiveness of its administration will be second to none in the world. Certainly anyone who has seen Mr. Justice Douglas at work in the Securities and Exchange Commission, or the famous pair, Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Cohen, or Mr. Messersmith in the State Department, or Mr. E. W. Rice in Agriculture and Mr. Lubin in Labor, will have known at once that he has seen in them the qualities both of mind and heart, that can make even a governmental system as cumbrous as that of America fulfill great purposes in a great way. And they have only been leading figures in an army the quality of which proves how the drama of democratic government, once it has great ends to fulfill, can call forth ability that no other system can rival.

HAROLD J. LASKI

"America Revisited: II" will appear in another issue. THE EDITORS

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The Dream of H. C. Earwicker[1]

IN ORDER to get anything out of "Finnegans Wake,"[2] you must grasp a queer literary convention. It has been said by T. S. Eliot that Joyce is the greatest master of language in English since Milton. Eliot has also pointed out that Milton is mainly a writer for the *ear*. Now Joyce through a large part of his adult life has been almost as blind as Milton; and he has ended, just as Milton did, by dealing principally in auditory sensations. There is as little visualization in "Finnegans Wake" as in "Samson Agonistes." Our first criticism, therefore, is likely to be that nothing is *seen* in Earwicker's dream. It is, after all, not uncommon in dreams to have the illusion of seeing people and places as clearly as when we are awake; and in the dream literature with which we are already familiar—"Alice in Wonderland," "The Temptation of Saint Anthony"—the dreamers are visited by plain apparitions, not merely by invisible voices. But we must assume with "Finnegans Wake" that Earwicker's imagination, like Joyce's, is almost entirely auditory and verbal. We have been partly prepared by "Ulysses," in which we listen to the thoughts of the characters but do not see them very distinctly.

But there is another and more serious difficulty to be got over. We are continually being distracted from identifying and following Earwicker, the humble proprietor of a public house, who is to encompass the whole dream microcosm, by the intrusion of all sorts of elements—foreign languages, literary allusions, historical information—which could not possibly have been in Earwicker's mind. The principle on which Joyce is operating may evidently be stated as follows. If the artist is to render directly all the feelings and fancies of a sleeper, primitive, inarticulate, infinitely imprecise as they are, he must create a literary medium of unexampled richness and freedom. Now it is also the purpose of Joyce in "Finnegans Wake" to bring out in Earwicker's consciousness the processes of universal history: the languages, the cycles of society, the typical relationships of legend, are, he wants to show us, all implicit in every human being. Joyce has been careful, as I have already indicated, to hook up his hero, as an individual inhabiting an actual Dublin, with the main themes of his universal fantasia: the Bible stories, the Battle of Waterloo, Tristram and Iseult, and so forth. But since Earwicker's implications *are* shown to be universal, the author has the right to summon all the resources of his superior knowledge in order to supply a vehicle which will carry Earwicker's impressions. He has the same sort of justification for making the beings in Earwicker's dream speak Russian in fighting the siege of Sebastopol (which has got in by way of a picture hanging in Earwicker's house) as Thomas Hardy has, for example, to describe in his own literary vocabulary a landscape seen by an ignorant person. If it is objected that in "Finnegans Wake" the author is supposed to be not *describing*, but presenting the hero's consciousness directly, Joyce might reply that his procedure had precedent not only in poetry, but also in pre-naturalistic fiction: even the characters of Dickens were allowed to make speeches in blank verse, even the characters of Meredith were allowed to converse in apothegms. Why shouldn't H. C. Earwicker be allowed to dream in a language which draws its variety and flexibility from the author's enormous reservoir of colloquial and literary speech, technical jargon and foreign tongues?

Yet here is where the reader's trouble begins, because here, in spite of the defense just suggested, a convention *has* really been violated. There is a difference between the process seen in Dickens of working out of romanticism into something like modern realism and the process seen in Joyce of breaking out of the Flaubertian naturalism into something that moves more at ease and that commands a wider horizon, something that is not narrowly tied down to the data about a certain man living in a certain year on a certain street of a certain city. The reaction was of course quite natural: it was inevitable that the symbol and the myth, the traditional material of poetry, should have asserted themselves again against the formulas of scientific precision which had begun to prove so cramping. But here the act of escaping from them shocks, just as it sometimes did in Proust. Proust argues in an impressive way, in the final section of his novel, the case against nineteenth-century naturalism; yet who has not been made uncomfortable at finding that Proust's personal manias have been allowed to affect the structure of his book: that a story which has been presented as happening to real people should not maintain a consistent chronology, that it should never be clear whether the narrator of the story is the same person as the author of the book, that the author, who ought to know everything, should in some cases leave us in doubt as to precisely what has happened to his hero? One had felt, in reading "Ulysses," a touch of the same uneasiness when the phantasmagoria imagined by Bloom in the drunken Night Town scene was enriched by learned fancies which would seem to be more appropriate to Dedalus. And now in "Finnegans Wake" the balloon of this new kind of poetry pulls harder at its naturalistic anchor.

[1] This is the second of two articles by Mr. Wilson dealing with James Joyce's new book. The first, "H. C. Earwicker and Family," appeared in our issue of June 28.

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like H. C. Earwicker would seize every possible pretext provided by his house and its location to include in a single night's dream a large number of historical and legendary characters. And is it not pretty far-fetched to assume that Earwicker's awareness of the life of Swift or of the Crimean War is really to be accurately conveyed in terms of the awareness of Joyce, who has acquired a special knowledge of them? Also, what about the references to Auden (who gets in, however, one supposes—on page 279—by way of the Scandinavian blood and name which he shares with H. C. Earwicker) and to the book itself as "Work in Progress," which takes us right out of the mind of Earwicker and into the mind of Joyce?

There are not, to be sure, very many such winks and nudges as this: Joyce has evidently set for himself limits as to how far he can go in this direction. Yet, even granting this and recognizing the difficulty of the task and accepting without reservation the method Joyce has chosen for his purpose, the result still seems unsatisfactory, the thing has not come out quite right. Instead of the myths growing out of Earwicker, Earwicker seems swamped in the myths. His personality is certainly created: we get to know him and feel sympathetically about him. But he is not so convincing as Bloom: there has been too much literature poured into him. He has exfoliated into too many arabesques, become hypertropied by too many elements. And not merely has he a load of myths to carry; he has also been all wound round by what seems Joyce's growing self-indulgence in an impulse to pure verbal play.

Here another kind of difficulty confronts us. There is actually a special kind of language which people speak in dreams and in which they sometimes even compose poetry. This language consists of words and sentences which, though they seem to be gibberish or nonsense from the rational point of view, betray by their telescopings of words, their combinations of incongruous ideas, the involuntary preoccupations of the sleeper. Lewis Carroll exploited this dream language in "Jabberwocky," and it has been studied by Freud and his followers, from whom Joyce seems to have got the idea of its literary possibilities. At any rate, "Finnegans Wake" is almost entirely written in it.

The idea was brilliant in itself, and Joyce has in many cases carried it out brilliantly. He has created a whole new poetry, a whole new humor and pathos, of sentences and words that go wrong. The special kind of equivocal and prismatic effects aimed at by the symbolist poets have been achieved by a new method and on psychological principles which give them a new basis in humanity. The only trouble is that Joyce has overdone it. His method allows him, as has been said by one of the authors of the "Exagmination," to write, by giving words multiple meanings, several ideas one over the other like the texts of a palimpsest; and he has expended no less than seventeen years on embroidering "Finnegans Wake" in this way.

What has happened may be shown by the following examples. First, a relatively simple one from a passage about the Tree: "Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weeping nobirdy aviar soar anywing to eagle it!" It is quite clear in the last seven words how an ornithological turn has been given to "nobody ever saw anything to equal it." Here is a more complex one: Earwicker, picturing himself in the chapter in which he partially wakes up, is made to designate his hair with the phrase "beer wig." This has as its basis *bar wig*, which has rushed into the breach as *beer wig* under the pressure of Earwicker's profession as a dispenser of drinks in his pub, of the fact that his hair is yellow, and of his tendency to imagine that his queer last name is being caricatured by his neighbors as "Earwigger"—a tendency which has led to his dream being impishly haunted by earwigs. There are thus four different ideas compressed in these two words. But let us examine—with the aid of the hints provided by the "Exagmination"—an even more complicated passage. Here is Earwicker-Joyce's depiction of the madness and eclipse of Swift: "Unslow, malswift, pro mean, proh noblesse, Atrahore, melancolores, nears; whose glauque eves glitt bedimmed to imm; whose fingrings creep o'er skull: till quench, asterr mist calls estarr and graw, honath Jon raves homes glowcoma." This passage, besides the more or less obvious ones, contains apparently the following ideas: Laracor, Swift's living in Ireland, combined with the *atra cura*, *black care*, that rides behind the horseman in the first poem of Book Three of Horace's Odes; the Horatian idea that death comes to the mean and the noble alike; *proh*, the Latin interjection of regret, and *pro*, perhaps referring to Swift's championship of the impoverished Irish; *melancolores*, *melancholy* plus *black-colored*; *glauque*, *French gray-blue*, plus Greek *glaux*, *owl*—gray evenings plus Swift's blue eyes, which also had an owlish appearance; in *glitt bedimmed to imm*, the doubled consonants evidently represent a deadening of the senses; *creep o'er skull*, French *crépuscule*, *twilight*; *asterr*, Greek *aster*, *star*, Swift's Stella, whose real name was Esther; Vanessa's real name was Hester; so Stella calls Hester a (q)wench; perhaps German *mist*, *dung*, *trash*, plays some part here, too—as well as German *starr*, *rigid*; evidently *graw* contains German *grau*, gray; *honath Jon* is *honest John* and *Jonathan*; *glowcoma* is *glaucoma*, a kind of blindness, plus the idea of a pale glow of life persisting in a coma. This passage has some beauty and power; but isn't it overingenious? Would anyone naturally think of Horace when he was confronted with "Atrahore"? And, even admitting that it may be appropriate to associate Latin with Swift, how does the German get in? Swift did not know German nor had he any German associations.

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the result of rendering quite opaque passages which originally—as we can see by comparing the finished text with some of the sections as they first appeared—were no less convincingly dreamlike for being more easily comprehensible. You will find three versions of a passage of "Anna Livia Plurabelle" on page 164 of the "Exagmination"; and on page 213 of the book you will see that Joyce has worked up still a fourth. My feeling is that he ought to have stopped somewhere between the second and the third. Here is Version One of 1925: "Look, look, the dusk is growing. What time is it? It must be late. It's ages now since I or anyone last saw Waterhouse's clock. They took it asunder, I heard them say. When will they reassemble it?" And here is Version Four of 1939: "Look, look, the dusk is growing. My branches lofty are taking root. And my cold cher's gone ashley. Fieluhr? Filou! What age is at? It saon is late. 'Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw Waterhouse's clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh. When will they reassemble it?" There is a gain in poetry, certainly; but in the meantime the question and the answer have almost disappeared. Has it really made Anna Livia any more riverlike to introduce the names of several hundred rivers (*saon* is *Saone* doing duty as *soon,* and *cher* is the *Cher* for French *chair*)—as he also introduces in other sections the names of cities, insects, trees? And why drag in "Erewhon"? In the same way, the talk of the Old Men, which, when it first came out in Navire d'Argent, seemed almost equal in beauty to the Anna Livia chapter, has now been so crammed and complicated with other things that the voices of the Old Men themselves have nearly been obliterated.

Joyce has always been rather deficient in dramatic and narrative sense. "Ulysses" already dragged; one got lost in it. The moments of critical importance were so run in with the rest that one was likely to miss them at first reading. One had to think about the book, read chapters of it over, in order to see the pattern and to realize how deep the insight went. And "Finnegans Wake" is much worse in this respect. The main outlines of the book are discernible, once we have been tipped off as to what it is all about. It is a help that, in forming our hypothesis, the principle of Occam's razor applies; for it is Joyce's whole design and point that the immense foaming-up of symbols should be reducible to a few simple facts. And it must also be conceded by a foreigner that a good deal which may appear to him mysterious would be plain enough to anyone who knew Dublin and something about Irish history, and that what Joyce has done is as legitimate as it would be for an American writer to lay the scene of a similar fantasy somewhere on Riverside Drive in New York and to assume that his readers would be able to recognize Grant's Tomb, green buses, Columbia University and the figure of Hendrik Hudson. A foreign reader of "Finnegans Wake" should consult a map of Dublin and look up the articles on Dublin and Ireland in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Yet it seems to me a serious defect that we do not really understand what is happening till we have almost finished the book. *Then* we can look back and understand the significance of Earwicker's stuttering over the word *father* on page 45; we can see that "Peder the Greste, altipaltar" on page 344 combines, among other things, *pederast* and *pater;* we can conclude that the allusion on page 373 about "begetting a wife which begame his niece by pouring her youngthings into skintighs" refers back to the little story on pages 21-3, and that this whole theme is a device of the "dream-work" to get over the incest barrier by disguising Earwicker's own children as the children of a niece.

But in the meantime we have had to make our way through 554 pages; and there is much that is evidently important that we still do not understand. How, for example, is the story of the "prankquean" just mentioned related to the motif of the letter scratched up by the chicken from the dump heap; and what is the point about this letter? The theme is developed at prodigious length in the chapter beginning on page 104; and it flickers all through the book. It turns up near the end—pages 623-4—with new emotional connotations. The idea of letters and postmen plays a prominent part all through. Little Kevin is represented as giving the postman's knock; and Earwicker—though he here seems to be identifying himself with the other son, Jerry—has a long flight in which he imagines himself a postman. Yet a considerable amount of rereading has failed, in the case of the present reviewer, to clear this matter up. Or to enable him to fathom that other incident, evidently connected with the father's sense of guilt: the real or supposed attempt of Jerry to use his own excrement as ink (announced on page 27 and developed on page 185).

"Finnegans Wake," in the actual reading, seems to me for two-thirds of its length not to bring off its conception. Nor do I think it possible to defend the procedure of Joyce on the basis of an analogy with music. It is true that there is a good deal of the musician in Joyce: his phonograph record of "Anna Livia" is as beautiful as a fine tenor solo. But nobody would listen for half an hour to a composer of operas or symphonic poems who went on and on in one mood as monotonously as Joyce has done in parts of "Finnegans Wake," who scrambled as many motifs in one passage, or who returned to pick up a theme a couple of hours after it had first been stated, when the listeners had completely forgotten it.

I believe that the miscarriage of "Finnegans Wake," in so far as it does miscarry, is due primarily to two tendencies of Joyce's which were already in evidence in "Ulysses": the impulse, in the absence of dramatic power, to work up an epic impressiveness by multiply-

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ing and complicating detail, by filling in abstract diagrams and laying on intellectual conceits, till the organic effort at which he aims has been spoiled by too much that is synthetic; and a curious shrinking solicitude to conceal from the reader his real subjects. These subjects are always delicate and distressing: they have to do with the kind of feelings which people themselves conceal and which it takes courage in the artist to handle. And the bolder Joyce's subjects become, the more he tries to swathe them around with the fancy-work of his literary virtuosity. It is as if it were not merely Earwicker who was frightened by the state of his emotions but as if Joyce were embarrassed, too.

Yet, with all this, "Finnegans Wake" has achieved certain amazing successes. Joyce has caught the psychology of sleep as no one has ever caught it, laying hold on states of mind which it is difficult for the waking intellect to recreate, and distinguishing with marvelous delicacy between the different levels of dormant consciousness. There are the relative vividness of events reflected from the day before; the nightmare viscidity and stammering of the heavy slumbers of midnight; the buoyance and self-assertive vitality which gradually emerge from this; the half-waking of the early morning, which lapses back into the rigmaroles of dreams; the awareness, later, of the light outside, with its effect as of the curtain of the eyelids standing between the mind and the day. Through all this, the falling of twilight, the striking of the hours by the clock, the morning fog and its clearing, the bell for early mass, and the rising sun at the window, make themselves felt by the sleeper. They are beautifully rendered by Joyce; and so are the voices which echo in Earwicker's ears—the voices that seize upon him and speak through him: the Tree and the River, the eloquence of Shaun, the mumbling and running-on of the Old Men; the fluttery girl sweetheart, the resigned elderly wife; the nagging and jeering gibberish—close to madness and recalling the apparition of Virag in the Walpurgisnacht scene of "Ulysses," but here identified with the Devil—which comes like an incubus with the darkness and in which the voices of the Earwicker household occasionally announce themselves startlingly: "Mawmaw, luk, your beeftay's fizzin' over" or "Now a muss wash the little face." Joyce has only to strike the rhythm and the timbre, and we know which of the spirits is with us.

Some of the episodes seem to me wholly successful: the Anna Livia chapter; and the end of "Haveth Childers Everywhere," which has a splendor and a high-spirited movement of a kind not matched elsewhere in Joyce. The minor passage which precedes this last, describing Earwicker's real habitations—"most respectable . . . thoroughly respectable . . . partly respectable," and so forth—is a masterpiece of humorous sordidity (especially "copious holes emitting mice"); and so is the inventory—on pages 183-4—of all the useless and rubbishy objects in the house where Shem the Penman lives. The "Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" (*pierce-oreille*, earwig)—which blazons the shame of Earwicker—is real dream literature and terribly funny; as is also the revelation—pages 572-3—of the guilty and intricate sex relationships supposed to prevail in the Earwicker family, under the guise of one of those unintelligible summaries sometimes prefixed to Latin plays. The waking-up chapter is charming in the passage—page 565—in which the mother comforts the restless boy and in the summing-up—page 579—of the married life of the Earwickers; and it is touchingly and thrillingly effective in throwing back on all that has gone before the shy impoverished family pathos which it is Joyce's special destiny to express.

Where he is least happy, I think, is in such episodes as the voyage, 311 ff., the football game, 373 ff., and the seige of Sebastopol, 338 ff. (all in the dense nightmarish part of the book, which to me is, in general, the dullest). Joyce is best when he is idyllic, nostalgic, or going insane in an introspective way; he is not good at energetic action. There is never any direct aggressive clash between the opponents in Joyce, and there is consequently no real violence (except Dedalus's smashing the chandelier in self-defense against the reproach of his dead mother). All that Joyce can do when he wants to represent a battle is to concoct a wildly uncouth gush of language. In general one feels, also, in "Finnegans Wake" the narrow limitations of Joyce's interests. He has tried to make it universal by having Earwicker take part in his dream in as many human activities as possible: but Joyce himself has not the key either to politics, to sport or to fighting. The activities that come out best are such quiet ones as teaching and preaching.

The finest thing in the book, and one of the finest things Joyce has done, is the passage at the end where Maggie the wife is for the first time allowed to speak with her full and mature voice. I have noted that Joyce's fiction usually deals with the tacit readjustment in the relationships between members of a family, the almost imperceptible moment which marks the beginning of a phase. In "Finnegans Wake," the turning point fixed is the moment when the husband and wife know definitely—they will wake up knowing it—that their own creative sexual partnership is over. That current no longer holds them polarized—as man and woman—toward one another; a new polarization takes place: the father is pulled back toward the children. "Illas! I wisht I had better glances," he thinks he hears Maggie saying—page 626—"to peer to you through this baylight's growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills again Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming

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in my hindmoist. Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her own. I pity your old-self I was used to. Now a younger's there." It is the "young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing, sauntering by silvamoonlake" (page 202 in the Anna Livia Plurabelle section) that she herself used to be, who now seems to her awkward and pert; and the wife herself is now the lower river running into the sea. The water is wider here; the pace of the stream is calmer: the broad day of experience has opened. "I thought you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You're only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You're but a puny. Home!" She sees him clearly now: he is neither Sir Tristram nor Lucifer; and he is done with her and she with him. "I'm loothing them that's here and all I lothe. Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see me. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father." . . . The helpless and heartbreaking voices of the Earwicker children recur: "Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair"—for now she is herself the child entrusting herself to the sea, flowing out into the daylight that is to be her annihilation . . . "a way a lone a last a loved a long the" . . .

In these wonderful closing pages, Joyce has put over all he means with poetry of an originality, a purity and an emotional power, such as to raise "Finnegans Wake," for all its failures, to the rank of a great work of literature.

EDMUND WILSON

Radio Cleans House

We are in the midst of some changes in the whole aspect of freedom of the air in America, and primarily the changes are being brought about by the broadcasters themselves. That is the real news of the present situation. The station owners and managers have reorganized their professional association and have placed a liberal-minded educator and former public official at its head. The radio men are making a frontal attack on such questions as how to handle controversial public issues on the air; how time should be allotted for political campaign speeches; and whether time should ever be sold to religious and other special-interest organizations. The broadcasters are considering what to do about the use of commercially sponsored time for discussing controversial issues (ah there, W. J. Cameron!) and are seeking a determination of legal liability for libel and obscenity. They are vigorously opposing any form of censorship of the air, and in a recent instance have joined with others in forcing their putative masters, the Federal Communications Commission, to back water.

Their whole approach to these matters is such that the National Association of Broadcasters and the American Civil Liberties Union—somewhat to their mutual astonishment—now find themselves in virtually complete agreement.

This state of affairs did not come about in a day. Perhaps the turning point was the new administration installed by the National Association of Broadcasters just about one year ago. Previously, the NAB had been a perpetual battleground of bickering, wire-pulling and jockeying for advantage between the "chain" and "independent" broadcasters. It was finally decided to ignore both factions and go outside the industry for a

The man chosen was Neville Miller, former mayor of Louisville and later executive assistant to President Dodds at Princeton University. Miller's administration immediately established a Committee on Program Standards. This committee for the past six months or more has been fingering some of the thorniest nettles in radio. The official report is being presented at the national convention of the NAB in Atlantic City, July 10, 11 and 12. There seems every chance of its going through substantially as now drafted. If it does, and if the NAB leadership can induce the member stations to make it a practical, operating reality, it will bring new approaches to some highly important questions in radio.

Case-hardened skeptics are fully justified in asking this particular gift horse to open its mouth—wide. None the less, the teeth appear to be sound. Let us look, for instance, at a number of matters that are not now subject to statute law and are, therefore, within the power of broadcasters to control.

There is, first, the question of how to handle controversial public issues. The broadcasters are agreed that radio stations should refuse to sell time for this purpose. The ACLU heartily subscribes to this position. The point is that if time were sold, control of the air would go to whichever side had the greater financial resources, regardless of the merits of the controversy.

The alternative is to give free or "sustaining" time, and to make definite and generous allotments so that public questions actually will reach the air. The proposed code covers this point and goes on to specify that if one side is presented, any substantial body of dissenting opinion shall also be presented—preferably on

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equally good time and with a speaker of equal standing.

In much the same vein, the broadcasters seek to continue the present practice of the big networks in refusing to sell time to religious organizations. They give time free to representative units of representative denominations. The new code seeks to go further and include a definition of what constitutes a religious broadcast. The general idea is that a religious broadcast should be confined to the spiritual enlightenment and solace of its communicants.

If stations ever placed such a ruling in operation, it would put Father Coughlin up a tree. He would be forced to declare himself. Is he a religious adviser, or a speaker on public issues? If religious, let him confine himself to spiritual enlightenment and solace according to the tenets of his faith. If a speaker on public issues, let him take his chances on getting free time the same as anyone else; and when he offers his arguments on the air, let due provision be made for presenting a contrary view.

A corollary proposition in the code is that no special-interest organization can buy time on the air for the purpose of furthering its own propaganda or increasing its membership. If the cause is deemed worthy, time will be given free. If the cause is controversial, the opposition must be heard.

The question of political speeches will assume direct and acute importance next year. The code continues current practice in that it sanctions the selling of time to candidates for political office. In order to prevent an intolerable congestion of campaign talk on the air, broadcasters are not required to offer time equally to all candidates for all offices. But for any given office, if time is sold to one candidate, equal amounts of time must be available for sale to any other legally qualified candidate for the same office.

Perhaps the most drastic departure from present custom in the code deals with the use of time bought by commercial sponsors. John T. Flynn and others have argued eloquently in these pages that the makers of Blodgett's Post-Hole Diggers should confine their commercial announcements to the merits of Blodgett Diggers and not go wandering off into political and economic questions. Henry Ford and W. J. Cameron have a right to hold anti-labor views if they want to, but the place to express those views is in the open forums of radio and not in the midst of a richly upholstered Ford Symphony Hour such as no union could afford to sponsor in rebuttal.

All the points referred to above are not now subject to legislation. Censorship, however, is expressly dealt with in the act of 1934, which created the Federal Communications Commission:

> Nothing in this Act shall be understood or construed to give the Commission the power of censorship over the radio communications or signals transmitted by any radio station and no regulation or condition shall be promulgated which shall interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communication. No person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent or profane language by means of radio communication.

This is an obviously contradictory passage. After the sweeping provision that there shall be no censorship whatever, the act marches right on to prohibit—*i.e.*, censor—obscenity and profanity. Both the National Association of Broadcasters and the American Civil Liberties Union are now seeking to have this provision eliminated. They hold that existing police regulations, local and state laws amply cover the subject; and a superfluous federal regulation may be used as an entering wedge for federal censorship.

Despite the bluntness of the language forbidding censorship, the Federal Communications Commission has made at least three moves in that direction. Two seasons ago, when Mae West and Charlie McCarthy indulged in some broad waggery about the Garden of Eden, the FCC called for a report and issued a stern reprimand. Last fall, when Orson Welles's fantastic Martians dropped down near the Princeton campus, there was severe finger-shaking. In May of this year the FCC issued a sudden ruling that international short-wave broadcasters must limit themselves to programs "which will reflect the culture of this country" and promote international amity.

Against the latter ruling, both the NAB and the ACLU protested sharply and promptly. In general, they agreed with the objectives, but contended that making them the subject of an FCC regulation was direct and overt censorship. The ruling was widely denounced in the press and on the floor of the Senate. The FCC, in some confusion, has announced public hearings on this ruling, to be held this month.

The weapon used by the FCC in these and similar moves is the implied threat of revocation of license. Since certificates of public interest, convenience and necessity are granted for periods of six months only, the stations are at the mercy of the FCC. The common method of disciplining a station is to refuse to renew the license.

Since there is no legal censorship of radio in the United States, whatever censoring is done—and in one sense there is a great deal of it—is undertaken by the individual stations or networks on their own initiative. Such varied and readily recalled items as a network's refusal to let General Hugh Johnson use the word "syphilis" in a broadcast, the rewriting of the lyrics of the "Hold Tight" song and the refusal of certain stations to carry the Father Coughlin broadcasts are in this manner. The position of the broadcasters is that such matters are a legitimate exercise of a station's editorial function. An editor decides what is to go into his paper, they say, and likewise a broadcaster must ultimately decide what goes out over his station.

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This brings up a fundamental point—the whole philosophy of who shall have access to the air—that is beyond the scope of the present article. For the moment, at least, we are accepting the existing system of government-licensed, privately owned and commercially operated broadcasting and are discussing some current practicalities. On this basis, the NAB and the ACLU, once again in concert, are urging what seems a desirable reform. At the present time, not only a person who speaks over the radio but also any station or network carrying the broadcast is legally responsible for libel. The proposal is that the law be changed to absolve stations from liability and hold the speaker solely responsible. This certainly would ease the mind of the broadcaster who now minutely checks each script for possible libel—thus vastly compounding the sum total of unofficial "censorship"—and probably would result in freer and livelier discussion on the air.

The legislative proposals now being urged seem to embody needed changes. Taken together, proposed laws and voluntary code, we still are considerably short of a radio Utopia. Beyond question, however, there is in present-day radio a powerful new movement aiming in the right direction.

T. R. CARSKADON

Not in the Cables

Austrian Refugees in France

Of the 6,000 Austrian refugees in France, 80 to 85 percent are Jews, 10 percent militant Catholics, and the rest a "Mischehe"—of mixed marriages. And of this total, 4,000 are in Paris. The rest are scattered about the country; for very soon after the Anschluss a dispersion of the Austrian refugees from Paris into the provinces—if only because there were already 400,000 foreigners in the capital—was undertaken almost entirely by police action, backed up by, among other people, the trade unions.

Many fled to Nice, Marseilles, Lyon, Bordeaux; while some, refusing to obey the order, were taken to the Paris prisons. Others are in prison, not because they lack passports, but because they crossed the frontier illegally, without a visa; while some have been imprisoned for being given a *réfus de séjour,* and failing to leave the country. (Needless to say, they could not leave the country.) One of the unnecessary difficulties created by this distribution of the refugees was that the police did not work in conjunction with the relief organizations—with the inevitable result of chaos and additional suffering.

The great majority of Austrian refugees are in France simply "in transit," waiting for, or hoping one day to receive, visas for the United States, South America, Australia—anywhere, in fact, out of Europe. Some few have hopes of obtaining visas to the USA during this many look forward hopelessly to the middle of the 1940's. One of the achievements of the refugees deserves description, a unique organization which is responsible for the welfare of no less than 750 Viennese refugees (shopkeepers, artisans, officials, doctors and lawyers). These people live in houses (rented otherwise only during the summer months) scattered throughout the low-lying but not unattractive town of Chelles, some fifteen miles from Paris, in the Seine-et-Marne, the nearest point to the capital at which in April, 1938, when the organization was started, they were allowed to live.

What is known as the "Foyer de Chelles" was started by a little group of Austrians, on money realized from small properties they possessed outside Austria even before 1933. From the beginning they insisted on but one law, which has held good to this day: that the organization should be self-supporting, that no help of any kind, be it food, money, furniture or clothes, should be sought or accepted from the French government or the French people. As a result, the Austrians have won such respect from their neighbors that when, toward the end of last year, the order came for all refugees to clear out of the Seine-et-Marne by January 1, 1939, the vehement protests of the people of Chelles caused their sentence to be postponed. This attitude has also won such admiration from some of the wealthy Jewish clubs of Paris (the diamond merchants, etc.), that these people are now partly responsible for the fact that the organization at Chelles has been able to keep going so long.

Six months after the Anschluss, Chelles held something over 800 Austrian refugees. Arriving in France at the rate of about thirty to forty a week, these refugees were allowed to bring with them across the border nothing of more value than their personal *Schmuck*—that is, one ring, one chain, one brooch, one watch—no more. These they immediately sold in Paris. For the first two or three weeks, not longer, they were allowed to go to the Comité d'Assistance aux Réfugiés, where each person was allowed to draw 90 francs a week ($2.50).

After that, when all else failed, they came to Chelles. Since last October, no more have been allowed to come. Nor, as was possible until January 1, can Austrians be sent the 10 marks ($4) from friends and relations in Austria. This last has come as a shattering blow to the people of Chelles.

Their one great cry, however, is that they have no work—are, indeed, strictly forbidden to work. They have no ground in which to dig, nor portion of a field on which the children might play. They dare not play even on the streets. You could walk for an hour through the town of Chelles, and you would not know there was a foreigner in the entire district. They all remain indoors; what they do there remains a mystery to every-

JAMES STERN

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Humpty Dumpty Had a Great Fall

They made him up out of a mound of flesh. The fight game is a lousy racket, everybody knows that, but this one was so bad it gagged even the guys on the inside. Joe Jacobs, the manager, took the fat old fighter and made him into a personality, complete with pictures (posed), promises (false) and a syndicated column (ghosted). Out of the words and pictures emerged their fantastic, imaginary fighter—Two-Ton Tony Galento of Orange, New Jersey, fat and bald, who trained on beer and cigars and late hours behind the bar of his saloon and said Joe Louis was a bum. They said he couldn't speak, they wanted him fingerprinted and they speculated about his fighting a gorilla. Then they put him in the ring in the Yankee Stadium against the Champion, just for the fun of it and the curiosity money it would draw, forgetting of course that their made-up fighter was a man with a heart.

LOUIS came into the ring first, and looking wonderful. He danced a few quick steps in acknowledgment of the crowd's applause, tested the spring of the boards under the canvas, and sat down in his corner promptly, amid his little crowd of trainers, managers and seconds.

Then came Tony. He bustled into the ring, fat and short and nervous, and the crowd laughed. Tony waddled across to show Joe his bandaged hands, but the Bomber paid no attention. Tony went back to his corner, busy all the while, testing the floor, testing the ropes, jumping awkwardly, skipping an imaginary rope, betraying his nervousness.

With the bell Tony hurried out of his corner to meet the big brown boy, looking as ferocious and mean as a flabby bald little man with no neck and a belly that rolls considerably over the elastic of his trunks can manage to look. And he pulled open his puffy lips to show the white gleam of his mouthpiece. Maybe that would scare that great, slow-moving champion with the left that flicks out like a tiger's paw, much faster than the eye can follow, but with power enough to knock the senses clean out of a man.

Joe just stood calm and easy and contemptuous with his left out the way a boxer should hold his left, looking at the curious antics of the clown. And Tony, making his faces, crouched over double, frog-fashion, his fat legs wide apart and his fat arms up protectively in front of his face, looking as though he was ready to drop the whole idea and go home to Orange, to bed. But in the next minute the frog had jumped from his crouch down near the canvas, all 233¾ pounds of him had sailed up into the air with his fists flailing and, by God! the beer-barrel had landed the first blow, a pretty fair left hook to the body. The Champ tied him up in the clinch, pushed him away, and shot a couple of tentative lefts into the moon face. And then it happened again. The same thing; the weird crouch, the pounce, and this time a real left hook to the jaw that snapped the champion's face to the side and partly undid his knees, and the 35,000 who had spent their sucker money on the outside chance that something like this might happen went crazy. "He hit him, didya see it? He really hit him!"

But you don't defend your world's heavyweight championship seven times in two years against all comers or win thirty-five out of your forty-two fights by knockouts, all by the time you're twenty-five, without knowing a thing or two. Joe clinched and tied the stubby arms up with his hands, and after the break he was ready again. He sank three of those rolling lefts deep into the bartender's middle, and then one to the head with a right cross following, just as the gong sounded. Each one carried with it a destructive load.

In the second it was all Louis, and in the third it looked like the murder everyone expected, until Tony, as he came out of a clinch, smashed Joe on an unguarded chin with a surprise left, a sneak blow but with power enough to spill the Champ. But while Joe simply covered defensively, Tony failed to press his advantage. He just crouched. That was his strategy, to crouch and pounce, they had told him, and so in the moment when the champion's crown was within his sight and the titleholder was covering and retreating, Tony struck his awkward pose and waited. Maybe he couldn't see very well; they had pasted gauze over the cuts around his eyes, but the blood was flowing just the same.

Louis was the champion again in the fourth. Joe moved in on Tony and cut the bounce and the nerve right out of him. At the end, Tony just stood, helpless, and took those terrific blows standing up. He didn't know what was happening—he said afterwards that he had slipped and fallen when in fact he didn't go down at all. Tony stood there while the lethal blows made raw hamburger out of him and then he sagged against the ropes and into the referee's arms.

The suckers who paid for their tickets had no right to expect to get so much for their money. The promoter, the boxing commission, the manager, the press just made this one up. They made up a fighter, they made up a fight, and a few more than 35,000 people paid to see their brain child. Everybody knew it was a phony but the guy himself, the two-ton Tony Galento. He was playing it straight and way above the script.

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Shoot the Works

Jersey City Sprouts Wings

AT THE CIO RALLY in Jersey City last week one of the speakers remarked, not unwittily, "I don't think there is much point in anybody throwing an egg at the orators. As far as I'm concerned, anybody can come up here before the amplifier and lay one."

As a matter of fact, not enough eggs were tossed to make an omelet and the boos and hisses came almost entirely from small boys who had been herded off into deep right field. I don't want to seem captious, but there are a few complaints I would like to make about Hague when he puts his halo on. Don't get me wrong. Since I was on the program, I am not complaining because nobody slugged or spattered me and it is a little easier to make a speech when the hisses and catcalls are somewhat muffled. The Jersey City police were not only courteous but highly efficient. Indeed it is my notion that they were just a shade too stern in their resolve to protect the outside agitators from either physical or mental cruelty.

When I was talking, a large cop stood on either side of me and both glared at the audience as much as to say, "Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog."

I repeat again that I have no desire to be roughed around, but too many cops can spoil the dissertation. It is my notion that I have made many better speeches than the one I delivered under the auspices of Jersey City's finest. It may be a new discovery to Hague, but it is quite possible to kill an orator with kindness. It almost seemed to me as if each of us appeared on the program under that line once familiar in the theatre "by permission of David Belasco."

And it seemed to me as if most of the others felt the same handicap. The meeting was too tame. That can be a very punishing element if free speech is carried to its logical extreme. The cracks at Hague were fair enough, but an attack on an individual, no matter how just, loses much of its force if he has stationed a cop beside the platform to ensure your right to take a verbal poke at him. Denunciation wings more quickly to the heart of an audience if the speaker advisedly ducks the second after he has launched his arrow.

Once upon a time in Jersey City it was impossible for the scheduled speakers to get a word in edgewise. At the moment the system has been shifted about completely and a heckler of even the mildest sort may get his head laid open. Surely there must be some happy medium.

The proceedings were somewhat embarrassing to me because I had announced in my newspaper column that I was going to speak in Jersey City and that I faced the ordeal with great trepidation. To be sure, this was a slight exaggeration. I wasn't as terrified as all that. Indeed to some extent the line was thrown in with the hope that it might help to build up the meeting.

Still, it is true that when I left Stamford, Connecticut, to keep the assignment I said goodbye with more lingering affection than usual. And in a tactful way I made some its own strength.

the upper right-hand drawer of the desk. Moreover, somewhat ostentatiously I left the good tan suit at home and wore the rusty black with the white pin stripe because I felt that it would not spot so easily.

In my younger days along the labor front I have been shoved around by police, and a nervous militia lad with a bayonet all but nicked my spine during the hectic Autolite commotion in Toledo. Contrary to the opinion of some, such altercations do not fill me with joy, but on the contrary cause great mental anguish and persist in nightmares for months to come. To be perfectly truthful, I can just barely take it and the margin grows a little thinner. Nobody in his right mind really enjoys cops when they come bearing clubs.

But just the same, a complete reversal into extreme courtesy may also be a little embarrassing. When we got out at the entrance to Pershing Stadium in Jersey City two policemen were on hand to greet us. I remembered the treatment accorded to Jerry O'Connell and Norman Thomas and I tried to make a firm resolve to sell my life as dearly as possible. But I had no time for speculative fears, since one of the cops said cordially, "'You have a nice night for the meeting, Mr. Broun. Please follow me. This is the shortest way to the speakers' stand."

A little further on he extended his arm and I feared he might be about to say, "'Shall we dance?" However, he confined himself to remarking, "Look out for that curb around the running track. Sometimes people trip on it." Perhaps he added, "And if they break their bloody necks so much the better," but if any such thought entered the head of the officer he gave it no articulate expression but kept it deep in the recesses of his subconscious mind.

Arrived at the temporary platform, it was a policeman and a maritime worker who joined in hoisting me up to the precarious perch. A little later there came one egg and finally a barrage of two. But I have no right to assert that there was anything personal in this tribute. They were thrown by some enthusiast who will never make his mark as a heckler until he becomes a better judge of distance. They landed at least fifteen feet from the platform and one hit a cameraman, which gave us a hearty laugh all around. Just a good-natured American crowd.

But the cop who stood nearest me seemed a little ill at ease. He blushed for Jersey City after the manner of a hostess whose dinner has been interrupted by an uncouth remark on the part of one of the guests.

When it came my turn it was incumbent upon me to make some feeble attempt to play Ajax. I called for eggs but got none. Raising my right hand high in the air I defied the small boys in deep right field, whose sportive boos came feebly to my ears like the voice of Little Sir Echo.

I called on the crowd to vote on contentious issues and with unfailing regularity they voted unanimously for the CIO and also for a third term for Roosevelt.

No less than six policemen escorted us to the car. "'Watch your step," said the head of the delegation and, as the car started to gather momentum, he called after me, "Now that you know the way, Mr. Broun, don't be a stranger."

I'm not at all sure that I like the new Jersey City as well as the old. Perhaps the Supreme Court didn't know

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Frank Murphiwell

DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS, Attorney General Murphy has been heartily kicked about by Mr. Roosevelt's intimates. As in the case of Mr. Farley, I think they are making a mistake. Mr. Murphy is a man of character, and immensely interesting in a town of herd-minded people. He ought to be preserved for his physical and moral beauty. It must be admitted that one of the accusations against him has substance. All during the present session, labor-union leaders have been trying to bring about a continuation of the La Follette civil-liberties committee, and now hope for success. In an interview, Mr. Murphy chattily observed that the lately established civil-liberties division in his own Justice Department could do everything that the La Follette committee could. In particular, it would be able to deal with the case of the Associated Farmers on the West Coast. The labor group working for a revival of the La Follette committee took this as an unfair slap at their efforts. Yet the truth seems to be that Mr. Murphy was wholly unaware of what they were doing, and was merely loyally boosting his Department's wares.

Partisans of Mr. Altmeyer of the Social Security Board feel bitterly about Mr. Murphy. As these Notes are written, Mr. Roosevelt has not announced his choice for administrator of the new Social Security Agency—which includes the old Social Security Board—but it is widely reported that Mr. Altmeyer will not be the appointee. For this, his friends blame Mr. Murphy. Such evidence as has been permitted to slip out seems to favor Mr. Murphy. As Michigan's Governor, he labored earnestly to create a civil service of high standards for the state's social-security agencies. Since last January, these agencies have been shamelessly raided by Republican patronage hunters. It is understood that Mr. Murphy feels that Mr. Altmeyer might have fought harder against these raids than he did.

The commonest attack on Mr. Murphy concerns his airplane raids about the country with Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, during which, amid crashing eight-column newspaper headlines, he has announced the prospective doom of local politicians, sometimes Democrats. White House intimates speak of this as self-ballyhoo. The true explanation, I am informed, is quite different. When he became Attorney General, Mr. Murphy promulgated a rule forbidding Justice Department subordinates to make press statements. If enforced, this rule would have summarily cut off Mr. Hoover from his adoring public. Not for nothing have G-men gained their reputation for resourcefulness. Soon afterwards, the airplane trips of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hoover were undertaken, and in the press photographs you will notice that Mr. Hoover is usually a little nearer the camera.

Mr. Murphy's chief crime, however, is his alleged lack of enthusiasm toward a third term for Mr. Roosevelt. At a recent interview, he said that it was "too early to comment." Almost at once, the attack of he White House circle started. It may be argued that Mr. Murphy was showing velt's authority rests on the uncertainty now surrounding his intentions—that, while it lasts, his Democratic enemies are helpless. They think that he should not speak out until the eve of the 1940 convention. There is a great difference between praise of a third term by Mr. Ickes and by Mr. Murphy. Mr. Ickes has no organized following in Illinois; he speaks largely for himself. But presumably Mr. Murphy will help choose next year's Michigan delegation. A statement by him might raise a storm in his home state that would ultimately involve Mr. Roosevelt.

But, in any case, Mr. Murphy must not be judged by ordinary standards. He is above the ruck of humanity; a person who, of his own experience, has found goodness to yield dividends. He began his career in Detroit in 1919, aged twenty-six. He was of striking appearance, with fine features and the bushy eyebrows that, as in the case of Mr. John L. Lewis, were to help make him famous. He had studied law at Lincoln's Inn at London and at Dublin University. As a captain, he had fought a year in the American army in France. And he was a good young man, who read his Bible daily and spoke intimately of Christ's example. In short, he was a story-book political candidate, and was rapidly elected a local judge. He continued to be good, humorlessly and earnestly. Detroit politicians were amused, then annoyed, then angry. But just as he seemed headed for the oblivion into which the ultra-good normally disappear, he attracted the support of rich, canny, liberal-minded Senator Couzens, and at thirty-seven became Detroit's mayor. Still good, still taking Christ as a model, he cared for the unemployed, and brought on himself the hostility of the city's corporate taxpayers. His future was again dubious, when he was plucked from Detroit by Mr. Roosevelt and made high commissioner of the Philippines, whence he returned, now forty-three, as Governor of Michigan. There is still controversy about his part in the 1937 automobile sitdown strikes. The auto workers' union says he threatened to use troops to drive the strikers from the plants. But, with the possible exception of this interval, he was still unutterably good. In last November's election, the politicians of his own party, the business interests and a good part of the union workers joyously combined to beat him. Within a month, he was Attorney General, one of the strong men of the national government.

In the same interview in which he refused to endorse a third term for Mr. Roosevelt, he modestly denied that he himself was a vice-presidential candidate. This report was based on two recent happenings. Mr. Murphy has brought several of the men who aided in his campaigns for mayor and governor to Washington, and placed them in the Justice Department. He publicly announced he hoped to find a job for aging, sick Tom-Tom Heflin. Since Mr. Murphy is a Roman Catholic, observers suggested that he might think the support of the chief Pope-baiter would be useful among Southern Methodists and Baptists. In point of fact, Mr. Murphy's church might be his chief recommendation for the vice-presidential nomination. If Mr. Roosevelt runs again, from the point of view of the party organization Mr. Farley is the obvious man to replace Mr. Garner. But relations between the President and Mr. Farley are worsening daily. Should Mr. Farley be passive or hostile in the coming campaign, Mr. Murphy's nomination would soothe the feel-

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According to reports from the Garner camp, Mr. Garner has disbanded his mushrooming campaign organization. Mr. Roy Miller, the harbors-and-rivers expert, no longer collects delegates. Mr. Earle Mayfield Jr. has ceased his effort to convert the Young Democratic organization. It is explained that volunteer Garner leaders were fighting the organizations within their states, and creating ill will. During the nearly forty years he has been in Congress, Mr. Garner has served with hundreds of men who later became Governors, United States Senators, federal judges. With them Mr. Garner is supposed to maintain a discreet correspondence, and will base his campaign on their hidden influence.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Curbing the Brokers

SOMEHOW, if fights are kept up long enough, they get won, or at least partially won. Something like this is happening now in the Stock Exchange. The Board of Governors of the Exchange has adopted a rule which prohibits member partners in brokerage houses from speculating for their own account on margin. That, of course, is a long step toward segregation. For years this department has maintained that no man who handles money for other people should speculate.

Chairman Frank of the SEC told a gathering of brokers in New York last week with great frankness that the SEC act imposed upon the Commission the duty first to protect customers from practices by their brokers and second, to protect the funds of customers in the hands of brokers. He very wisely called attention to the fact that when the SEC act was introduced the act itself contained provisions outlawing certain practices. But it was the brokers themselves who insisted that these inflexible prohibitions be removed and that instead the Commission be given the widest powers and discretion to deal with these problems. Now when the Commission seeks to deal with them, Wall Street says that the SEC should let it alone.

Of course those of us who know the history of this act know that the change from the outright prohibition to Commission discretion was made at the insistence of the administration under pressure from Wall Street and that it was done for the purpose of preventing any action. Those who know Wall Street well know that the one great evil of Wall Street is the gambling operations of brokers themselves—of specialists, floor traders, commission houses. They also know that this is the root and source of almost all the evils which flourish on the Exchange—members engaging in pools, engaging in manipulation, underwriting shares and pushing them off on their customers, carrying on a banking business, running investment trusts, engaging in promotional activities. The funds of their customers are in their hands to enable them to press these adventures with great facility. The customers themselves are in their hands, gullible, compliant; and they enjoy special opportunities and privileges them to get rich in good times at the expense of their clients.

One of the results of all this is that occasionally a brokerage house blows up, carrying with it in the explosion the funds of clients entrusted to its care. The Commission very properly feels that customers in brokerage offices should be protected against this danger. A broker handling funds for clients is doing a banking business, but a completely unregulated banking business without rules or restraints.

Out of this has grown a movement to protect the funds of clients in the hands of brokers and a proposal has been made to enable brokers to establish corporate subsidiaries or affiliates where these funds will be kept unmingled with their own funds and not liable for brokers' debts. On the face of it this seems a reasonable proposal. It has one grave defect, however. It introduces into Wall Street the curse that has plagued the banking business, the utility industry and the railroads—the corporate subsidiary and affiliate.

One of the greatest abuses in American business is the abuse of the corporate mechanism. The corporation was never intended for the purpose to which it has been put. Make a law prohibiting commercial banks from engaging in underwriting operations and they promptly organize another corporation—an affiliate or a subsidiary of a common holding company—and this little corporate organization can do all the things which the law has forbidden to the bank. Legally the bank is not doing them; the bank is one corporation, the affiliate is another. But this is a pure fiction. Actually the bank is doing these things and everybody knows it. Fortunately, in 1934 these bank affiliates were prohibited by law. The same law prohibits investment bankers from engaging in commercial-banking operations and vice versa. It was aimed at the big houses like Morgan and Brown Brothers. No sooner was the law passed than Morgan and Brown Brothers and others each split into two corporations, one running a commercial-banking business and the other running an investment-banking business.

Now if we are going to introduce into the brokerage business the practice of permitting brokerage houses to split themselves up into various corporations how will we ever enforce any laws against them? The way to protect customers' balances is to prohibit any man engaged in the brokerage business from engaging in gambling or speculative operations or any other kind of operation with the money of his clients. No customer need have the slightest fear about his funds if they are deposited with a brokerage house that does not speculate itself and that does not carry on financial and industrial promotions. The customer who puts his funds into a house that does these things is a fool—a fool on half a dozen counts.

Now the Exchange has adopted a rule which prohibits member partners from engaging in trading on margin. There is not much percentage in trading in Wall Street without margin, and if this rule is enforced against members it will go a long way toward removing the danger to the customers' balances. I note, however, that the rule does not apply to special partners, and this is unfortunate. This is one of those loopholes which cause so much trouble in the enforcement of every rule. But this effort to make investment or even speculation honest in Wall Street will never be won until the brokerage houses are forbidden to engage in underwriting operations and promotional activi-

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What the Well Dressed Man Will Bear

I HAVE BEEN a one-man picket line on the male uniform for so long that the superficial quality of this attack[1] on men in mufti is painful to me. Miss Hawes is on the right track, and she's no fool when it comes to the way men are shoved around by the trade and their women: arise ye prisoners of strangulation, etcetera. But by the time you read half the book you realize that she isn't really going anywhere—except into print and the newspaper columns.

A good portion of this book on men's clothes is spent on going into backgrounds, like the socio-economic, and incidentally off the handle. Miss Hawes is clever at hitting off typical middle-class home life, but so are a lot of other people, most of whom haven't crossed their conclusions before they've come to them, or minced no words without weighing a few, or jumped out of every window because it was open and a different thing to do. (*E.g.*, it is easier to say, "Men sweat more than women? Ridiculous," than to reconcile it with the plain testimony of a hundred sets of mixed doubles.) It is enough to command attention that a gal with a pair of shears and her mouth full of pins lets go wittily on the problems of our culture; but it doesn't cut enough ice to make a chaser when her actual experiments run off into trousers with a knee-length crotch and trick suspenders at $12.50 (her publisher found a way to plant this last item with Leonard Lyons, don't worry). I am soul and body for her rebellion, but I suspect there's royalties in them there barricades. Her red ensign bears the hand-stitched silk letters: I'd rather be bright.

Miss Hawes has three abominations: the coat-and-vest, the collar-and-tie, the heavy brogans. She not only is right as rain in these but has the right explanation for the survival of each. She also knows that men like color and would blossom with it if it became the custom again, with no hint of tulips; she also leaves out the bohemians and other exhibitionists. She is less secure on the ground of how much their own wives keep men under wraps. People, and that's men *and* women, wish to be well turned out and top the next one if possible, but along the generally accepted line. A man's wife is often only an aid to his conscience, telling him when he is making himself conspicuous, or out of line, letting him see he should get the hell back in there.

Besides, men can't live by comfort alone, any more than the girls in their girdles and absurd hats. Trousers will not hang well without suspenders; creaseless trousers—however "fashioned"—are about the same for looks as wet pajamas; vests are worn for much the same reason that corsets are worn and handbags carried (they diminish belly-bulge and keep the unruly shirt and tie in; they have four pockets for forty pens, pencils, notebooks, passcards). Hats are worn partly through herd instinct and the misguided idea they keep you warm, but also because they keep the hair straight, the sun out of your eyes, the rain and snow from melting down your collar. Men would possibly take their coats off more if ties weren't so generally out of control and shirts so consistently fitted to the neck only, the rest a blousy bag. Men do really wish to look well, but their uniform is not constructed to be worn in sections.

One reason for this is the fact that tailors for men try to accommodate all men's clothes to the aberrations from a good figure—whereas women's clothes and general harness are designed to squeeze anything toward accepted figure lines. When Miss Hawes talks about the relative weight of clothing carried in the hot months, she conveniently leaves out the terrific discomfort of the girdles, corsets, uplift brassières and what-not that the majority of women subject themselves to. Of course the gal with a figure can walk in her natural beauty with little more than a light-proof slip and a pair of knee-length stockings. But what is she outside of one in a thousand? In the men's-wear department, on the other hand, the narrow shoulders, big hips and growing pot of stomach of the majority are pampered to, shirts are cut out like grain sacks, trouser tops are too wide, coats are padded in the shoulder up to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Men's clothes—in spite of the cross men bear with every gathering place in the world brought to such a hothouse temperature as will keep the ladies from shivering in their deliberate approach to nudity—are built atrociously, but with less squeeze on the figure *for the majority*, than anything laid out for the feminine gender.

And in hollering for the comfort of man, Miss Hawes also ignores the feeling for line that is observable in men—even men of the lower classes, whose work clothes she promises to study for possible ideas, miners and farmers and oh just anybody she might profit by, she says, and she never once uses the word quaint. She thinks the slack suit, which is her (and my) idea of emancipation, didn't come into acceptance until last year, whereas the Hollywood custom tailors have been making a good thing out of it for at least four years (incidentally, she does not realize the significance of Hollywood as a leading and wealthy and nationally visible class, too close to the common background for the dominance of Lucius Beebe). And she does not know why the idea didn't grow faster—which was because the cut and fabrics of the first slack suits left a good smart hang as much out of the question as if they had been so many assembled pillow cases. I am not now talking about those sheep-pens where smartness consists in wearing the old-school-tie no matter how ugly—Palm Beach or Princeton, it makes no difference. I'm talking about something in common men Miss Hawes cannot know about, some natural good taste which realizes that the body should be free to speak for itself, and that none of its natural lines should be arbitrarily broken—lines, that is, as from shoulder to wrist, shoulder to waist, waist to knee or foot, everything snug where it must fit, and swinging out elsewhere. It is what keeps a lot of people out of things like seersucker, which always looks slept in, and wrong-color gabardines, and sandals, which so far have been too crude or freaky in design for trimness (Miss Hawes goes down the line for these). It also keeps people away from the ugly comfort of the college-boy hair-do, the clumsy collar, wrong-length sleeves and maternity body of the "smarter" sport shirts.

I'm talking about men without women, without anyone they respected to see them from outside, in clothes they had to buy, alter, wash and press themselves, six months in the middle of China chained in the brown river in a sort

[1] Men Can Take It, by Elizabeth Hawes (illustrated by James

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a modern ship all through the day, in white. Sailors they were, and required by etcetera to wear the regulation clothing, which some sloppy jobber with a War Department lobby had stamped out with a cookie cutter. In spite of all this, mysteriously, a ship's company of 400 could be seen about the decks in those thick nights, with trousers and undershirt, trousers and jumpers, as crisp as lawn, and as simply true to every muscle in repose as they would be if the muscles were suddenly brought into use to swing a man down to the fire-rooms or up the mast. Hundreds of men out of sight of the world, told what to wear and subtly having their wearing taken in or let out or made to measure on their thirty-odd or fifty-odd a month, fading their working dungarees with bleaching in the sun and boiler compound until they went way beyond the "faded denim" Elizabeth Hawes discovers, weaving elaborate belts out of sail cloth—scrubbing and shining and for what? Of course they were the lean men, the young men: their clothes would mock the average dumpy figure. But they were denied the clumsy bad taste of the men's-wear department, held to simplicity and educated in the principle of being smart in everything, at all times. Once they got the idea, they showed more natural style, and were prouder of it, and gave more for it, than any comparable group to be observed today in the high or low spots of the nation, perhaps excepting Hollywood.

They had the "slack suit" because they were given it as uniform. With no learning at all but with some sixth sense they had it tailored to fit the swing of their bodies. Naturally, when they changed back to the civilian uniform they became once more helpless—they could be sober or gaudy or even well dressed. But not smart, or easy in their clothes. They had taste and no desire for the ridiculous in the name of comfort; but they had nothing to say about anything any more: the battle always goes on over their heads. They are the kind of men the designers should work for—and don't. There are fashions in book publishing too, and the word is still spinach.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Declaring that business does not want war because the profits from it are too small to offset the disruption of industry, Dr. Allen A. Stockdale of the National Association of Manufacturers was the principal speaker at the general session tonight. – *From The New York Times.*

Japan bought aircraft material costing more than $1,000,000 in this country during the first five months of 1939, the Department of Commerce reported today. The United States has protested strongly against Japanese bombing in China. – *From The New York Times.*

Is That All?

The Nazi youth movement took boys from their parents and from their Sunday Mass to march in forced marches and demonstrations. Result: The Frankfurter Zeitung admitted that of every 100 army conscripts for 1937, 37 were suffering from flat feet. – *From The Monitor, official or-*

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It Was All Done with Mirrors

A Japanese spokesman declared yesterday that Japan had not investigated and would not investigate reports that a British couple had been forced by Japanese to disrobe in Tientsin because "in principle such a case could not happen."—*Associated Press dispatch from Tientsin, printed in The New York Times.*

Sometimes It's Someone Who Matters

John: I wonder how many more of these old-law tenements will have to burn down before the city pulls them down. Seven lives were lost in this last fire.

Mary: But they were just Chinese.

John: They're not always Chinese. – *From an editorial cartoon in The New York Daily News*

Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag

Countries have exchanged good-will gifts to bring about understanding and appreciation. We have sent dolls to Japan, schoolbags to Mexico, treasure chests to the Philippines, and have received gifts in return. Suitcases are now being sent to Spain to help the suffering children on both sides of the conflict. – *From The Boys' and Girls' Quarterly.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Storm Over Lundberg

SIR: At least one of your loyal readers of long standing was *not* bored by the letter of Mr. Ferdinand Lundberg [The New Republic, June 28]. . . . Most of his points were quite apt, and it is not easy to refute briefly a series of unfair innuendos and misrepresentations. . . . It seems to me that a sincere liberal or radical could quarrel with such a program as that outlined in the statements of these committees *only* on the basis of emphasis. . . . I quite sympathize with your impatience with these Stalinophobes who have lost all sense of proportion. But I see no reason for assuming in advance that these committees propose to behave in that manner. . . .

Ithaca, N. Y. SAMUEL G. WILLIAMS

SIR: Ferdinand Lundberg's letter has made me boiling mad—he has deliberately stirred up such a dust-storm in a mental teapot, only to sign off with a simple remark which, had he only *started* with it, would have saved us all a night's sleep: "The two [Stalinism and American Liberalism] are incompatible." Of course they are incompatible! Why, then, the long string of bivalve questions he fires at us? . . .

As one who is affiliated only with a trade union, and who has nothing to do with any of the dialectic factions, I feel it cannot be too strongly reiterated: *Bury your differences and unite in the common fight for our common goals*—or we will all be gobbled up by the Tiger of Fascism together.

DANIEL HIESTER KRUPP

SIR: In your rather ill tempered comments on the letters of Mr. Dewey and Mr. Lundberg you appear to have tacitly accepted the assumptions of the official Communists that a critic of their policies is a rival Communist, a red-baiter or a splitter of the progressive forces. . . . To conceal or to gloss over the harm done by the Communists—no matter how well intended your bias—is no lasting protection against reaction. From The New Republic we have a right to expect the whole truth, even when it hurts.

PAUL PORTER, Editor,
Kenosha, Wis. The Kenosha Labor

SIR: The New Republic is not honest when it asserts that its policies are not Stalinist. It is only necessary to read a few issues of The New Republic to see that a number of its regular contributors and editors regularly grind the Stalinist axe. Malcolm Cowley, for example, can always be relied upon to smear those whom the Stalinists are anxious to discredit. . . . Another New Republic contributor, Heywood Broun, is a well known plugger of the Stalinist line. . . . Ferdinand Lundberg is right. There is a tie-up between The New Republic and the Stalinists. It has been going on for years. . . .

Jackson Heights, N. Y. J. V. CAMPBELL

SIR: The Committee for Cultural Freedom has raised, in your columns, the question of your position regarding the defense of these ideals, at the same time accusing you of being rank apologists for Stalinism in this country. What is your defense? You claim to oppose the Communist policy on collective security. So do Hamilton Fish and Senator Borah. Certainly that is not the ground for distinguishing them from Stalinists. You might offer some stronger evidence of your difference. . . . Has there been in your magazine a single article revealing some of the conditions in the Soviet Union, in respect to the real state of cultural freedom?

New York City GEORGE BROUNOFF

The Case of Dr. Fisher

SIR: You have done a service to the cause of education by your editorial on the case of Dr. Charles H. Fisher vs. the Board of Trustees of Western Washington College. [The New Republic, June 28]. It is also encouraging to learn that members of Congress from Washington and other distinguished persons have demanded a reopening of the star-chamber political proceedings and a rehearing by a competent tribunal. Petty politicians in the state of Washington may say that it is none of our business, but if the College is to be reduced to the level of a Klan Konvention, men and women of influence in American education can easily see to it that the College wears the correct brand of the Kleagle and receives the "credit" that goes with such an institution of "learning." In outcome the College may survive as a known and marked nest of goose-steppers under the eye of a drill sergeant, but it cannot pursue such tactics and expect anybody outside the Ku Klux Klan and Silver Shirt cliques to view its education seriously. It is not too late for the trustees to take stock of themselves. If they have any real evidence against Dr. Fisher, let them give him an open hearing and produce it.

New Milford, Conn. CHARLES A. BEARD

Corrections on "Finnegans Wake"

SIR: I am sorry that, due to the haste with which it had to be written and set up, several casualties occurred in my first Joyce article, in the issue of June 28. The quotation from Joyce in the second paragraph of the first column on page 205 should article has caused perplexity to certain readers—and not without reason. The "to" in the next to last line got into the sentence by mistake and makes it completely ungrammatical and unintelligible; but I must confess that it was none too clear in the first place. What I meant would be put better as follows: "In sleep, the conventions and institutions with which we discipline and give shape to our lives are allowed partly to dissolve and evaporate, so as partly to set free the impulses of the common human plasm out of which human creatures are made; and then the sexual instincts of the man and the woman, the child's instinct and the parent's instinct, the masculine and feminine principles themselves, come into play in confusing ways, shadow forth disturbing relationships, which yet spring from the prime processes of life."

Chicago, Ill. EDMUND WILSON

Timenigma

SIR: My Time Current Events Test scores at college, when I read only the newspapers, were 60 to 70. Now, when I still read the newspapers but read also every issue of The New Republic from cover to cover, my last two scores have been 90 and 94. I don't read Time at all except for the Current Events quiz issues. . . .

MATTHEW RODERMUND

Milwaukee, Wis.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Silas Bent, Old Greenwich, Connecticut, dissents from George Soule's article on Freud, "Interpretation of Dreams" (The New Republic, June 2). He thinks Mr. Soule takes psychoanalysis much too seriously and says: "He is discreetly silent about the trail of wrecked homes, suicides and maniacs which Freudianism left in its wake when the fad was at its height."

Heywood Broun in his column in our issue of June 28 said that there was a "one-man picket line" at the Writers' Congress of two years ago, consisting of Mr. James T. Farrell, and added that "Mr. Farrell in his sincere and earnest way can use as many short and ugly words as any writer living, but his addiction to this theory of literature has not made him a progressive." Mr. Farrell writes us at great length to say that he did not picket the Writers' Congress, but had he done so, such conduct would not prove that he is a reactionary. Mr. Farrell gives a list of the reasons why he opposes the Writers' Congress. He says it follows the line of "the Stalinist Third International," favors policies that will lead this country into war, is undemocratic, has defended or remained silent concerning "the many brutalities of the Russian regime which refer to politics rather than literary life" and "makes insufficient distinction between serious literature and commercial writing."

Estolo E. Ward, executive secretary of the newly formed Harry Bridges Defense Committee, protests the efforts to deport the San Francisco organizer. He says that "employer interests, such as the Associated Farmers, the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and Chambers of Commerce hope to smash trade unionism" by their attacks and the Defense Committee is seeking "an open hearing" so that the public may be informed of the true character of the witnesses and a fair trial may be had. . . . Louis Devolder, Boston, lavishes praise on our "very courageous criticism" of the Catholic Church in our June 21 issue. . . . W. L. Richardson, referring to John T. Flynn's piece on King George and Queen Elizabeth's visit (The New Republic, June 28), asks why we permitted "such a mean and ill mannered article" to appear. He advises our linotype men "to

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Books in Review

Survivors

WHAT ARE a writer's "living thoughts"?[1] Are they those that once effected great or radical changes in men's behavior, such as the "Encyclopédie" or "The Origin of Species"? Are they those that, even in perverted forms, have widespread and continuing influence, like Nietzsche's superman? Or those to which some few minds return at intervals, finding in them new depths and by their means revealing new vistas? May they be single sparks or flares of insight, or must they be built into some integrated structure of understanding? Are they intellectual concepts or emotional revelations?

In part, of course, they are all these; and a man's greatest greatness may reside in the degree to which all are fused in his work. These facts constitute the editorial problem of "The Living Thoughts Library." In each brief volume selections representing the "essence" of a great writer are to be made by a kindred thinker who will first "present" his subject in a nine-thousand-word interpretative essay. The editor, therefore, must say clearly and persuasively what he thinks *is* vital, and he must overcome the thousand difficulties—sometimes not to be overcome—of pouring the significant into selections totaling no more than forty thousand words. The four volumes so far issued show a wide divergence in the performance of the task.

Stefan Zweig paints a brilliant picture of the pilgrimage of Tolstoy from landed aristocrat to radical Christian anarchist, ancestor simultaneously and paradoxically of the Russian revolution and of the passive resistance of Gandhi; but he has been vanquished by the impossibility of representing Tolstoy in selection. How can the penetrating psychologist who wrote "Anna Karenina" and the epic historian of human existence in "War and Peace" be rolled into a capsule and digested in an hour? And, despite the pathos of some of the parables, despite the magnificent spleen and deep though distorted insights of "What Is Art?" the living thoughts of Tolstoy are as much those of the great imaginative writer as of the angry pagan turned moralist.

Theodore Dreiser, in his worst style of muddy, turgid and coagulated utterance, nevertheless manages to make the main points about Thoreau. As for the selections, of the clear and vivid nature-observation that links Thoreau to W. H. Hudson and White of Selborne there is too little; of the sugar-and-water transcendentalism of the Concord school at its thinnest rather a surplus; the doctrine of Civil Disobedience and the seminal skepticism about the machinery of civilization and the spirit of commerce that Thoreau made a tocsin of revolt is dwindled to a tinkle.

André Gide emphasizes the usual things about Montaigne—his skepticism, the way in which his exploration of his own nature became an analysis of human nature itself, his serene acceptance of things as they are, his faith in instinct and dislike of the artificial and forced—and to these adds that in the tolerance engendered of Montaigne's skepticism we may find the roots of liberalism as a philosophy. Rather surprisingly, he believes that in such a sketch he lays himself open to the charge "of having sharpened Montaigne's ideas to excess"; he should be reassured. Montaigne's discursiveness suffers comparatively little in miscellaneous excerpt, and the choices are in general good. It is regrettable, though, that M. Gide has shorn away almost all the richness of quotation that makes Montaigne sometimes, he says, "a compact pudding of Greek and Latin authors," but that is so characteristic and flavorful and triumphantly surmounted.

As Thomas Mann truly points out, "The World as Will and Idea" is not only Schopenhauer's masterpiece, but really his only work, assiduously accompanied and reinforced by all the other writings of his seventy-two years. Dr. Mann, therefore, makes a skilled selection from the four books of that work, preceded by a wise and beautiful essay rich in understanding. For Dr. Mann the deepest appeal of "The World as Will and Idea" is one that every sensitive reader must intuitively have felt: its bold and panoramic achievement as a work of art, "with its power to shape and order . . . life's manifold confusions" into a clear, "closely reasoned, complete and balanced structure of thought." Over and beyond that, indeed, Mann feels the tragic grandeur in Schopenhauer when he talks of "the anguish of the world," "the human indignation betrayed in what seems like a suppressed quiver of the voice," and the mystical beauty of his conception of man as "the secret hope of the world," capable through knowledge of supreme insight "as the artist mounts to the still loftier stage of ascetic saintliness." It is as a work of tragic art that "The World as Will and Idea" reaches its greatest heights, and places Schopenhauer among the poets of the world.

This concept leads us to the comparative significance of these four. Of their influence there can be little doubt. Tolstoy has had reverberations in minds as diverse as Barbusse, Gandhi and Lenin; Montaigne in writers from Shakespeare—in whose thought he is one of the few clearly visible sources—through the skepticism of Descartes and the cynicism of Rochefoucauld to the self-analysis of Wordsworth and Proust. With few declared disciples, Thoreau has nevertheless fired many moods of rebellion against materialism and the tyranny of institutions; and Schopenhauer has had such varied issue as Wagner, Nietzsche, James, Bergson, Dewey and Freud. But what of their ultimate places in our thought?

Fundamentally, perhaps, their value may be measured in terms of how much of the world—in both breadth and depth—their vision organically includes. What place would there be for each of these, we might ask, in each other's worlds? In Tolstoy's, none at all; his violent, partisan and willful intolerance would simply banish the rest of the world to outer darkness. In Thoreau's, little more: if he would

[1] **The Living Thoughts Library**, edited by Alfred O. Mendel. Schopenhauer, presented by Thomas Mann; Thoreau, presented by Theodore Dreiser; Montaigne, presented by André Gide; Tol-

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row and pallid, his renunciations somewhat timorous and old-maidish, the others too full-blooded and intense for him. Montaigne is wise and tolerant, but negative, almost passive. He would classify the others in his gallery, even draw curious conclusions from them, and then sit back at his ease. But in the tremendous sweep of Schopenhauer's thought—Mann is right—many threads are drawn together into a cosmic pattern.

In that pattern, Tolstoy might figure as the embodiment of blind will, demanding that all things subdue themselves to *it;* Montaigne as the artist, calmly constructing the vision of things as they are; Thoreau, even if somewhat inadequately, as the ascetic saint renouncing desire. And synthesizing all, there is Schopenhauer's sense of the tragic tension of life. "'It is precisely in the pessimistic hue of his philosophy," Dr. Mann writes, "that his humanity and spirituality lie." Against the glorification of instinct, which is enjoying an evil heyday in our time, he poses a corrective which is no tower of ivory but merely the comprehension that might enable man to make "his own feeling and understanding soul the theatre" where, of the struggle between the human will and its oppositions, may yet be born "a humanity above dry reason . . . and the idolatry of instinct."

EDGAR JOHNSON

The State of Poland

Poland, Key to Europe, by Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 391 pages. $3.

THAT SOMETHING is rotten in the state of Poland, we have known for a long time. But, until now, that knowledge has come to us from sources opposed to the existing regime: it has been the voice of the oppressed and persecuted. Mr. Buell's timely, well documented and well written study is based on official sources and seems to accept at its face value the official view of the situation. This, briefly stated, is as follows: Since its rebirth in 1918, Poland has made an earnest and patriotic effort to revive the "memory of a glorious past," to rebuild a country that had been severely handicapped by a century and a half of foreign domination, and devastated by the World War. But tremendous external obstacles have prevented the successful completion of that task. Poland's economy suffers from the world depression; she has to struggle with an unpleasant minority problem; her independence is threatened by the "two totalitarian imperialisms" between which she is situated. By accepting these current formulations, Mr. Buell appears as a witness sympathetic to the defense. Fortunately, his respect for facts is as great as his loyalty to his premises, and from his own testimony a picture of Poland emerges that considerably differs from the official version.

Modern Poland's political structure is indeed a revival of the past, but certainly not of its "glorious" side. "In the old Polish republic only the gentry had the slightest feeling of national consciousness—and this they were prepared to sacrifice for class advantage." The "mass of the people were peasants, whose lot was probably as cruel as anywhere in Europe." This inner decay and division were the determining factors in old Poland's partition and loss of independ-

government and elsewhere, are to a large extent descendants of the old gentry," who represent five percent of the population. The true Polish patriots, the spiritual descendants of Kosciusko and Pulaski—that is, the Socialists and workers who have continued the revolutionary struggle for independence since the abortive uprising of 1863, when "the gentry and the middle class became discouraged," are today in the overcrowded Polish prisons and concentration camps.

Neither the workers nor the peasants have any voice in the government. The Red bogey has been used to postpone urgent social and economic reforms. During the Russo-Polish war—which Lenin did his utmost to avoid—the Polish peasants were promised that they would be given land. That promise was never kept, and today, as Mr. Buell mildly states, "it does not seem that the fundamental agricultural maladjustments in Poland have been remedied." There are four million landless peasants, and 65 percent of the farms are "dwarfish holdings" too small to support the families living on them. More recently, the Polish government embarked on a much advertised plan of "industrialization" and state capitalism. In reality, this "system yields considerable returns to the bureaucracy, who enjoy social prestige and power, even though their salaries are extremely low," and also ensures the income of the upper middle classes, while 93 percent of the population must be satisfied with monthly incomes that average $4.50 for each person.

To distract the people's attention from their distress, one-third of Poland's population, the minorities, are systematically persecuted. The intensity of this persecution being in direct proportion to the victims' helplessness, the 3,250,000 Jews are the worst sufferers, although "the conclusion is hard to avoid that the present forms of anti-Semitism are working toward disruption of the country's economic foundations." Instead of echoing the official Polish explanation that "Poland has a serious minority problem," Mr. Buell could have better summed up the results of his own investigation by saying that the unhappy minorities of Poland have a serious majority problem.

That Hitler should be attracted and encouraged by these odors of corruption and decay is only natural. If Poland had a decent government, if her policy toward the Soviets had been one of common sense, if a sincere and rational effort had been made to tackle the agrarian mess, no Nazi threat would have been dangerous, and there would not have been any such threat. As things stand today, the Polish people are willing to resist Hitler by the force of arms—just as the Czech people were—for their plight under Nazism would be even more hopeless. But the present rulers of Poland have so little to do with the real interests of their people, are so dependent on Paris, London or Berlin, that no optimism is justified. Mr. Buell, who realizes the seriousness of the situation, believes that the revival of free trade, combined with foreign investments and loans, would help a great deal. According to him, the solution of the Polish problem "awaits the political appeasement of Europe." The plain truth is that as long as the Polish people—the 93 percent—are deprived of a chance to shape their own destiny, there can be no satisfactory solution of the Polish problem.

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Carolina in the Morning

Purslane, by Bernice Kelly Harris. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

BERNICE KELLY HARRIS' "Purslane" is, I believe, the most deeply regional novel I have ever read. Its characters are the Pate family and their connections by marriage. There are rich Pates who look down on the poor kin as "common pusley" (the pot herb from which the book takes its name). There are poor Pates, materialistic Pates, Pates who are miserly, Pates who are charitable. Every kind of man and woman it takes to make a world is found in this community of small landholders living at the turn of the century on the banks of the Neuse River in middle Carolina.

These people have no sectarian fervors, but religion plays a definite part in their lives. Even Cousin Millard, the agnostic and practical joker, recognizes its authority and like the others answers to Sunday-school rollcall with a verse of Scripture. (His verse, of course, is "Jesus wept.") But the Pates are also sustained by other rituals than those of religion. The cultivation of their crops and the care of their stock engage the energies and imaginations of the men. The women work in the field when it is necessary and keep house with gusto. The routine of their days is often broken by unusual events: the housing of the sweet-potato crop, hog killings, baptizings, one time a trip to Morehead City for the purpose of looking upon the "pure" ocean. The peace of the community is disturbed by frequent backslidings on the part of the men and backbitings among the women. Sally Hewitt, a new church member, is overtaken in a fault: fornication.

When her baby is born, every member of the community reacts to the news in a different way. Uncle Job, who does not know that he is the baby's grandfather, pities the sinner but hates the sin. Little Buddy Pate wonders what would become of folks like the Hewitts if all the neighborhoods in the world felt as his does. Cousin Millard, who has been gleefully waiting for "the favor to pop out on the baby," says he is sorry the Hewitts are moving because now he will never know whether or not the baby looks like him. Cousin Joyce, the lady from Philadelphia who has married into the family, stops the Hewitt wagon at the gate and gives the illiterate young mother a book on the care and feeding of infants.

These and other happenings are presented against a rich and living background. Mrs. Harris' characters react intensely to the natural world about them. She has the gift for rendering these reactions into the authentic detail that is the blood and tissue of a novel. It is a special quality of imagination—the same freshness and immediacy of perception that is found in the poets whose songs are preserved in the Greek anthology. Few modern writers have it. I think of three: Stark Young, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Katherine Anne Porter. It becomes rarer as novelists concern themselves with larger scenes and themes of social significance. It is as if the novelist were penalized: where he gains in scope he loses in depth. A scene taken at random from one of Mrs. Harris' pages will have a depth, an extra dimension, that John Dos Passos, for instance, seldom

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ists and Mrs. Harris, I fear, can hardly qualify as a novelist at all. For the novelist, if he is a little like God when he is creating his world, is unlike God in one respect: he is accountable for his actions. His characters have to present a reason for their existence. The love affair that is the thread of Mrs. Harris' story is unconvincing and so tenuous that it finally recedes into the richly peopled scene. The details of that scene are as fresh, as glowing, as mysterious as the background of one of Fra Angelica's paintings. That is a great deal but it is not enough. One demands a Virgin in the background, or a Child, or at least a band of angels.

CAROLINE GORDON

Report on Progress

Index of Research Projects. Washington, D. C.: Works Progress Administration. Vol. I, 297 pages. No price listed.

WHEN COLUMNISTS run out of thunder, they can always make wisecracks at the expense of the WPA. When cartoonists can think of nothing else to say they can draw pictures of men sitting on the handles of shovels. But after one has spent a few weeks' time examining the detailed history of this institution, the reports on its specific performances, such as the Report on Progress of the WPA Program, June 30, 1938, and other pieces of voluminous literature bearing on it, one will refrain from taking the current sayings of the "great and virtuous" on the subject at face value, that is, as true, instead of false in respect of information and ill tempered in respect of humanity.

An examination of the documents in the celebrated case of the Virtuous *vs.* the WPA shows that critics of literature, the drama and the arts have paid high tribute to some of the work done under the auspices of the WPA. For example, the guide books turned out under the Writers' Project have been generally accepted as real contributions to knowledge of America and useful for the education of the people in the cities and regions covered, and for tourists. But the extent and ramification of other work done under various projects have received little consideration, for much of it has no dramatic (or sex) appeal. This Index is an illustration.

Apart from the Index at the end, the volume embraces 254 pages of very fine print digesting the subject matter of research projects operated under the CWA, the state ERA and the WPA. The several projects are classified under ten great heads: natural resources; planning; science and technology; anthropology; history; art; literature and philosophy; economics; governmental research; social research; education. Each project was apparently organized in cooperation with outside specialists and sponsors and carried on by persons of competence and patience. Many of the projects have an immediately practical bearing on minute problems of scientific endeavor which is one of the glories of civilization. To a bright boy in an ivory tower writing at length for good money on why Neville Chamberlain went to his Canossa it may seem beneath consideration for the government to pay some person for the job of surveying the operating costs of 175 creameries in Minnesota and the prices paid to farmers on a butter-fat basis; but to the present writer, a dairy farmer and member of the Connecticut

be worth all the columns that daily pour out—truer and more useful for life.

Practically all the research projects here indexed are on the scientific level of advanced university studies and in most if not all instances the workers have had the advantage of guidance by specialists entirely outside the WPA. The projects represent the kind of work which university specialists and public officials want done for scientific and practical uses. In fact, a vast amount of just such research is now being done in the regular course by universities and public agencies. If some billionaire would give a million to a university to carry on investigations of the relations between climate and immediate issues of conservation, he would be hailed as a benefactor of mankind and few would criticize such an expenditure of money on research. Bond salesmen who unloaded millions in bonds now in default upon innocent investors were "regularly" and "gainfully" employed. Why not use a little reason in considering employment on carefully selected research projects under WPA auspices?

CHARLES A. BEARD

Portrait of Rivera

Diego Rivera: His Life and Times, by Bertram D. Wolfe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 466 pages, fully illustrated. $6.

THAT IS QUITE A TRIBUTE to Diego Rivera, out there on the Flushing Meadows. All those bright vertical acres of murals should remind thousands who see them of the enormous part the great Mexican artist has played in the renaissance of mural painting. True, as you walk through the Academe of Grover, you may not find many murals actually painted by Rivera himself. In that, he shares illustrious company, for neither will you see at the Fair many buildings by Frank Lloyd Wright. Yet Wright's influence, too, is apparent enough in the World of Tomorrow.

It is no great credit to the world of today that Rivera, at the height of his prodigiously creative and incalculably influential career in art, is now given fewer and fewer walls to paint. Say what you will about his bizarre, astonishing politics—he is still a great artist. Say what you will about some of his too soft, too lush, designs—they are still magnificent art. Say what you will about his personal cantankerousness—he is still a great character.

It is an ironic fact and, I think, to the credit of the newspapers, that they have upheld the freedom of the press by publishing photos of his most controversial murals while the murals themselves lost the freedom of art. The reasons behind the spreading boycott of Rivera are familiar, of course, to all who remember the spectacular battles over art in politics and politics in art that Rivera has fought in Mexico, in California, in Detroit, and—most familiar and famous battle of all—in Rockefeller Center. In this deeply informing, superbly illustrated biography of Rivera, Mr. Wolfe goes into all those campaigns very fully.

A talent for war correspondence is required of anyone who would write about Diego Rivera. Fortunately, Mr. Wolfe has that talent in full and lively measure. Battles strew Rivera's private as well as his public existence. And Mr. Wolfe [illegible] clinical, careful job.

He is by no means neutral. Nor would you call this portrait, hard as Mr. Wolfe may have tried to make it so, objective. It is at once a life and a defense of Rivera (who has won himself, often with good reason, innumerable enemies). It is written in a mood of bristling partisanship—but that partisanship discounts itself automatically before you have read very far. Though Mr. Wolfe has had access to all Rivera's private papers in writing this biography, he does not hesitate to pass some fairly stern judgments, both on the man and his work. In other words, it is not an official biography. And a post-printing bulletin on the recent row with a former house guest would be required to bring it completely up to date.

Rivera returned to Mexico from his long, eclectic, student interlude in Paris and Spain when the main wars of the Mexican Revolution were over. As if to make up for that, he proceeded to inaugurate a remarkably durable personal revolution of his own. Mr. Wolfe has traced its main currents admirably—though he can be pretty heavy-handed and humorless at times. With this volume he completes a trilogy on Rivera, begun in "Portrait of America" and continued in "Portrait of Mexico." It will obviously need extension before long. And I hope it may even have revision. Certainly Mr. Wolfe could have written more generously and more truly about another great Mexican artist, David Alfaro Siqueiros. For in the great works of the modern school of Mexico there is honor enough for all.

CHARLES POORE

New Books: A Reader's List

SCIENCE IN PROGRESS, edited by George A. Baitsell (Yale, $4). Ten leading American research scientists report professionally on the advances being made in their respective fields. Tough in substance and often difficult in style, these essays tell what is really happening in science, and what problems are being faced. Particularly good are the accounts of Isotopes by Harold Urey, of Viruses by W. M. Stanley and L. O. Kunkel, of Genetics by T. S. Painter, and a discussion of electrical potentials in the human brain by E. Newton Harvey.

SPARKS, LIGHTNING, COSMIC RAYS, by Dayton C. Miller (Macmillan, $2.50). Subtitled "An Anecdotal History of Electricity," these Franklin Institute Lectures for young people pack a great deal of worthwhile information into a very small space. The author, a recognized authority in this field, has a real talent for popular exposition, and the numerous illustrations add much to the charm and value of the narrative.

MODERN PRIMITIVE ARTS OF MEXICO, GUATEMALA AND THE SOUTHWEST, by Catharine Oglesby (Whittlesey House, $3). An enthusiastic but scholarly account of the three distinctive cultures of the southern plateau region, by a woman who has known them since her childhood. Her text is supplemented with photographs, designs, and lists of art centers in Mexico and of Indian festivals. "In Mexico," she says, "every Indian is an artist."

ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, by F. L. Green (Macmillan, $2). Pitiless scrutiny of a small-town English barber who runs amok. His first little theft leads to murder, and the final tragedy is no less fearful for being expected. A

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This Week!

The editors of NEW MASSES present the following major features scheduled to appear in the July 11th issue. This week marks the second anniversary of the war in China.

China Today and Tomorrow

MADAME SUN YAT-SEN

Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic, member of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, contributes a stirring article written in Hong Kong especially for *New Masses* which graphically recounts the seven-league strides which heroic China is making today—even in the throes of war.

Two Years of War in the Far East

PHILLIP J. JAFFE

The managing editor of *Amerasia* and noted authority on the Far East presents a vivid analysis of the two-year struggle waged by the Chinese people against the Japanese invaders.

The USA and USSR in World Affairs

EARL BROWDER

The general secretary of the Communist Party contributes a brilliant analysis. In the course of his article the 1936 Communist presidential candidate reveals for the first time how a group of influential Republicans offered the Communist Party a huge bribe to withdraw its 1936 presidential candidate and endorse Franklin Roosevelt!

Renaissance in Hollywood?

JOSEPH NORTH

The editor-in-chief of *New Masses* trekked out to the West Coast film studios for a three-week sojourn in Hollywood, film capital of the world. The results of Joe North's firsthand observations appear in the second of a series of two articles which graphically traces the history of the movies back to the days of Lillian Russell and right up through the years to *Juarez*.

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Miss Albert dissects the make-up, spotlights, phony tears and publicity hokum that turn the pug-nosed kid from Oklahoma into the captivating siren. Her heroine runs the Hollywood gamut, with obscurity at either end. Three stars.

A BOOK OF MIRACLES, by Ben Hecht (Viking, $2.75). Seven preposterous, brilliant stories in which science doesn't stand a chance against the supernatural. The sky's the limit every time, and this cosmic backdrop leaves Mr. Hecht plenty of room for satire, fitful preaching, some amazing plots and a truly remarkable study of the love-life of ants. An exciting performance.

Four Poets

THE HIGH PLAINS, by Kenneth Porter (John Day, $2). The work of a young poet with far more than the usual talent. He describes the Kansas prairies with etched clarity; he writes poems of social protest with sharp but controlled strength; all his work is permeated with an originality that questions authority but respects tradition.

SELECTED POEMS, by Sister M. Madeleva (Macmillan, $1.60). Devotional poetry written with sincerity and fine restraint. Sister Madeleva's medievalism is of the order that consistently emphasizes the lovely, and this suits her particular lyrical skill.

LINES AT INTERSECTION, by Josephine Miles (Macmillan, $1.60). Swift, young poems with a mature finish. Miss Miles transforms the commonplace into moments of meaning through her vivid and original imagery and her enthusiastic experimentation with rhythms. In spite of occasional aberrations into cleverness she rarely fails to give form to her impressions.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Macmillan, $3). Much of this work is faintly reminiscent of Robert Frost, with the same emphasis on New England's natural beauty and homely virtues and sometimes the same homely magic. Coffin is more conventional than Frost, although the chronological order of the collection shows a steadily increasing individualization and simplification of style.

Contributors

Harold J. Laski, the distinguished British political scientist, is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics. His most recent book is "Parliamentary Government in England."

Edmund Wilson is the author of "Axel's Castle," "The Triple Thinkers" and other books of poetry, criticism, drama, fiction and current histoy.

T. R. Carskadon has had several years of professional experience in radio. He is now one of the Raymond Rich Associates.

James Stern is an Irish short-story writer. He lived for many years in France, and has recently come to this country.

Norbert Guterman, who has a doctorate from the Sorbonne, writes for magazines here and in Paris.

Caroline Gordon, the wife of Allen Tate, has written three novels. The most recent was "None Shall Look Back."

Charles A. Beard has written widely on history, economics and politics. His latest book, in collaboration with his wife, Mary Beard, is "America in Midpassage."

Charles Poore is a daily book reviewer for The New York Times and the author of "Goya: A Biography,"

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